

The Outlook

Vol. 68

August 17, 1901

No. 16

CONTENTS

THE WEEK :

The Steel Strike.....	889
Law or Stake ?.....	890
General MacArthur's Report.....	890
Iowa and Maryland Republicans.....	891
The Death of Crispi.....	892
Lord Kitchener's Proclamation.....	893
Newfoundland Ransomed.....	893
Telephone Service in Europe.....	894
Woman Suffrage in Norway.....	895
Municipal Lighting at Columbus.....	895
The North Carolina Tuskegee.....	896
Missionary Co-operation.....	896
A Needed Endowment.....	897
The Tercentenary of Montauban Seminary.....	897
Presbyterian Statistics.....	899
Brotherhood of the Kingdom.....	899
Antiquities for the Museums.....	899

EDITORIALS :

South American Trade.....	900
The Love of Nature.....	900

Agnosticism—Good and Bad.....	901
A Pathetic Appeal.....	903
The Habit of Charity.....	904
The Spectator.....	905

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES :

The Government's Gift of Homes.....	907
By C. M. Harger	
The Man from Glengarry. Chapter IX.— A Sabbath Day's Work.....	911
By Ralph Connor	
The Making of an American. Chapter XII.—I Become an Author.....	922
By Jacob A. Riis	
To-Morrow : A Poem.....	929
By Carrie B. Chandler	
The Evolution of Bible Study.....	930
By Henry Drummond	

BOOKS AND AUTHORS :

Mr. Hare's Autobiography.....	933
Books of the Week.....	935
NOTES AND QUERIES.....	936

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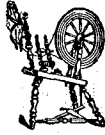
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**"IF I READ MUCH MORE ABOUT SAPOLIO MAKING
WORK EASY, I'LL BE TEMPTED TO DO SOME MYSELF"**

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The Steel Strike

President Shaffer's expected order calling upon all the members of the Amalgamated Association in the employ of the United States Steel Corporation to join in the strike (hitherto confined to the sheet-steel, steel-hoop, and tin-plate works) was issued on Tuesday of last week. The order declared that the strike was made necessary by the refusal of the corporation "to recognize as union men those who are now striving for the right to organize," and urged that those lodges which had recently entered into new contracts with companies subsidiary to the trust should consider their prior obligations to the Amalgamated Association paramount at this crisis. There was nothing in President Shaffer's statement, however, to show whether or not the constitution of the Federation makes contracts with employers voidable under such circumstances as the present. If it does, this might be taken as fair warning to employers as to what might be expected. The best feature of the order was that the men were not called upon to quit work until Saturday, thus giving a few days for new negotiations or for the orderly shutting down of the works, if a shut-down was necessary. During these intervening days, however, negotiations between the contending parties were not resumed. On the contrary, the steel company announced each day that certain works at certain points had resumed operations, while the Federation officials minimized these reported resumptions and announced steady accessions to the forces of unionism at different plants. There was nothing approaching a crisis until Friday, when, on the one side, the steel company announced that the Dewees-Wood Sheet Steel Works at McKeesport, closed by the strike, would be dismantled and removed to another place, and, on the other, President Gom-

pers, of the American Federation of Labor, announced that his great organization would lend its moral and financial aid to the strike to the full extent of its power. The order for the dismantling of the McKeesport works was grounded upon the hostility of the officials and people of that place to the Steel Corporation. The day following its issue the Mayor of the place issued a statement averring somewhat rhetorically that the sympathies of its people were strongly with the strikers in the present conflict, but that, so far from cherishing hostility toward the steel corporation, the town government had always granted it every favor asked, even to the point of assessing the property of the trust at only four per cent. of its market value, while the homes and shops of ordinary citizens were assessed at seventy-five per cent. Unfortunately, the Industrial Commission has published no testimony as to the rate at which trust property is assessed, and we are unable to measure to what extent the reported discriminations at McKeesport are either real or typical.

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The Strike's Sympathetic Extension

President Gompers's announcement that the Federation of Labor would support the strike was important chiefly because it gave the public the first strong statement of the strikers' side of the present conflict. The whole point at issue, said President Gompers, was whether the union could be extended to mills not recognized as in the union last year, but in which the employees by universal admission desire to make their contracts through the union. The financial assistance of the Federation does not mean as much as would seem probable from the size of the organization. It reports over seven hundred and fifty thousand members, and were it as strong as its organizers aim to

make it, it might in four months collect a strike and reserve fund of three million dollars. But at the present time it has authority only to collect one or two assessments of ten cents a member, or perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in all. As yet, different labor organizations prefer to maintain their strict independence, and have not gone far toward organizing the sometimes threatened labor trust. The Federation may support the Amalgamated Association by other means—the building trades in New York even threaten to refuse to handle materials made by the trust—but as yet support in other forms is merely the subject of rather vague discussion. On Saturday, when the general strike order of President Shaffer was to go into effect, it was evident not only that the order would produce no effect in the Homestead and other mills of the Carnegie Steel Company deunionized through previous conflicts, but also that the Amalgamated Association lodges employed by the Illinois Steel Company in Chicago and Milwaukee would keep their recently made contracts with that Company, and refuse to support the strike except by assessments. To what extent the general order has disabled other mills of the steel trust cannot as yet be accurately determined. An offer to submit the whole dispute to arbitration was made by President Shaffer on Saturday, but this was rejected by the steel company, which prefers that the case shall be decided by “trial by combat.”



Law or Stake? Two opposing methods of dealing with negroes accused of outrage were strikingly illustrated in the South last week. In Alabama, near the town of Enterprise, a negro criminal of this class was bound to the stake and burned to death in the presence of five hundred citizens of the county, many of them farmers and men of standing in the community. In Georgia the Governor sent three companies of militia to safeguard a negro taken for trial from Atlanta to Canton, and Governor Candler is reported to have said that he would send three regiments if necessary. At Canton the negro (according to the report in the New York “Evening Post”) was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, all

within forty minutes, and was taken back to Atlanta and safely lodged in jail, where he will remain until the sentence is executed. The expense was \$800, and the money was well spent, for the incident shows that in Georgia law, not mob, is to reign hereafter. It is not necessary to argue as to the permanent effect of these two incidents on the communities in which they occurred; one was mediæval barbarism, and will encourage cruelty and the brutalizing of public sentiment; the other was the firm, stern administration of justice, and will afford a stimulus to law-enforcement and to prompt punishment of crime. It is encouraging to note that Senator Tillman’s defense of lynching in his Wisconsin speech has been condemned by more than one Southern paper, and may be offset by the address by Governor Jones, of Alabama, before the State Constitutional Convention, in which he bravely said that he did not trust a people who flouted the law and concealed the law-breaker, and urged that the Governor should have the power to remove summarily a sheriff who failed to do his duty in defending a prisoner against mob violence.



**General MacArthur’s
Report**

The report of military operations in the Philippines just received from General MacArthur by the War Department covers the period from October 1 of last year up to the installing of the civil government in the Philippines last Fourth of July. In that period, General MacArthur says, the insurrection became almost wholly suppressed, while the secret committees of the insurgents who collected funds and encouraged guerrilla warfare became less active. The statistics of fighting for the year ending June 30, 1901, show the following casualties: Americans—killed, 245; wounded, 490; captured, 118; missing, 20. Insurgents—killed, 2,854; wounded, 1,193; captured, 6,572; surrendered, 23,095. The capture of Aguinaldo is regarded as the most momentous single event of the year. The capture, General MacArthur remarks, dispelled the growing tendency to idealize Aguinaldo’s personality and to surround him with mythical legends of invincibility, which millions of natives believed to be

true. As to the future, General MacArthur speaks in these words:

In due time, and beyond any question, if beneficent republican institutions are permitted to operate with full force, the Filipino people will become warmly attached to the United States by a sense of self-interest and gratitude. In the meantime the molding force in the islands must be a well-organized army and navy. Anything in the immediate future calculated to impede the activity or reduce the efficiency of these instruments will not only be a menace to the present, but put in jeopardy the entire future of American possibilities in the archipelago.

Passing from the immediate future to the final outcome, the author of the report expresses the opinion that the power which holds the islands must exert an active influence upon the affairs of Asia, and that American trade will grow with the growth of American ideas. The report closes as follows:

The presence of America in these islands is simply one of the results, in logical sequence, of great material prosperity, and in remote consequences is likely to transcend in importance anything recorded in the history of the world since the discovery of America. To doubt the wisdom of the United States' remaining in the islands is to doubt the stability of republican institutions, and amounts to a declaration that a nation thus governed is incapable of successfully resisting strains that arise naturally from its own freedom and from its own productive energy.

Since General MacArthur's report was written, the Manila charter has been framed, and last week the military authorities turned over the city to the Civil Governor, Judge Taft, and the newly appointed officials, some of whom are natives, others Americans. Under the charter there are no provisions for elections. Three Commissioners are appointed by Governor Taft as a Municipal Board, and an advisory board is appointed by the Board of Commissioners, while the first heads of the Municipal Departments are appointed by General Taft, their successors by the Municipal Board. In some ways the city government is patterned after that of Washington; and Commissioner Wright, in reply to protests of the Spanish Chamber of Commerce that even the Spanish authorities had proposed to make the representatives of the districts in Manila elective by the people, and that other parts of the island had some elective privileges, argued that the same reasons that controlled in making Washington the Federal

city obtained in Manila; and Washington, he declared, was the best-governed city in the world.

The Iowa and Maryland Republicans

The platform adopted by the Republican State Convention in Iowa last week went beyond the last National platform of the party in three important points. In the first place, it twice expressed a certain degree of sympathy with Congressman Babcock's low-tariff campaign; in the second place, it expressed decided sympathy with vigorous anti-trust measures; and, in the third place, it protested strongly against the denial of equal political rights to negroes in the Southern States. Its anti-trust plank was perhaps the most significant. It read in part as follows:

We assert the sovereignty of the people over all corporations and aggregations of capital. We favor such amendment of the Inter-State Commerce Act as will more fully carry out its prohibition of discriminations in rate-making, and any modification of the tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording shelter to monopoly.

The Maryland Republican Convention did not make its central feature the defense of the political rights of the negro minority whom the Democratic platform threatened to disfranchise, but, instead, made opposition to the re-enthronement of the Gorman ring the "keynote" of the approaching campaign. One of the speakers did, indeed, denounce the "puerility" of the Democratic contention that "white supremacy" was in danger "in a State where the percentage of colored people had fallen from 38 per cent. in 1810 to 19 per cent. at the present time;" but the platform made no allusion to the issue which the Gorman Democrats would make paramount. The Republican "paramount issue" is presented in the following plank:

We appeal to all good citizens to unite in defeating the selfish political bosses in their conspiracy, begun with the extra session, to perpetuate themselves and their methods by one-sided elections, and to thwart the first purpose of that conspiracy by defeating the election to the United States Senate of the Democratic leader who dictated the disfranchising election law to a servile Assembly. Their victory would again fasten upon our State the reign of corruption and violence overthrown in 1895, and enable them to

intrench themselves for a generation behind a far worse disfranchising election law than the un-American law we are pledged to repeal. If we succeed, we will defeat the election to the United States Senate of a man whose views on tariff and finance fluctuate with political exigencies, who is stable only in unvarying control of the Democratic party machine.



The Death of Crispi

That Francesco Crispi, who died in Naples last Sunday evening,* had more of political genius than any living Italian is beyond question. Whether, in point of fact, the political paths in which he was leading Italy at the time of his downfall were responsible for the weakness of the nation, or whether they were likely in the end to build up a strong world-power, as he believed, is capable of serious argument on either side. Another and a more personal question regarding Crispi was that of his private character, which, in the opinion of many, was seriously smirched by the bank scandals following the great building speculations in Italy. With regard to this last point it is probably fair to say that opinion has largely settled about the belief that Crispi himself was incapable of profiting by the very doubtful transactions in which he was to some extent dragged through his desire to uphold his political and personal friends. It is certain that he died a comparatively poor man, and that during his term of office he was even in debt. The irregularities were connected with the management of the Bank of Naples; and its director, when accused of wrong conduct, alleged that Crispi had participated in the operations. The findings of the Commission appointed by the Italian Parliament to investigate the matter, declared that Crispi was not an accomplice, but that in order to save his friend, the director, he had improperly used his position as Premier to stifle an inquiry into the affairs of the bank. An attempt to impeach Crispi, based on the findings of this Commission, failed. In his political career the quality that distinguished Crispi was a certain conservatism even in what seemed to many to be essentially radical and revolutionary designs. Thus, in his early days Crispi bitterly offended Mazzini because the former stood for the unification of Italy under a monarch, and this simply because

it seemed to him the only practical way of obtaining Italian unity. He was avowedly a conspirator previous to 1866, and was for not a few years an exile from his country, living, like many other famous Italian exiles, in poverty and in a constant atmosphere of conspiracy and plans for insurrection. But when Garibaldi saw his opportunity of bringing about Italian unity under the watchword "Italy and Victor Emmanuel!" Crispi joined cordially in the change of plan which brought Piedmont politically to the front rather than Southern Italy; and when Garibaldi transferred his authority as Dictator of Southern Italy to Victor Emmanuel I., the letter of abdication was drawn up by Crispi himself.



Crispi's Political Career

In the first Italian Parliament (1861), Crispi began his parliamentary career as a member of the Opposition, and stood for constitutional principles as opposed to any dangerous tendency towards absolutism. Thereafter he was a member of the Extreme Left party when not actually holding office. Universal suffrage, religious liberty, and the separation of Church and State were among the objects advocated by him in his earlier parliamentary career. It was not for ten years that his party came into power, and then through an alliance with the royal influence which necessarily involved some abandonment of its radicalism. By this time the question of most immediate import was the relations between Italy and France, and here Crispi led the anti-French party with force and intelligence. He became President of the Chamber of Deputies, while a weaker man, Depretis, was made Premier. Later Crispi took a place in the Cabinet, which he resigned at the time of his criminal prosecution for bigamy—a charge which is now, we believe, universally admitted to have been groundless. From that time on Crispi gained in political strength; and the most important result of his international policy was the founding, in 1882, of the Triple Alliance between Italy, Germany, and Austria. This meant, in Crispi's view, the establishing of Italy as a perfectly independent influence in the affairs of Europe rather than its remaining a weak nation, dependent upon other

Powers, almost, for its existence. It is certain that this object has never been fully accomplished; and it is open to debate whether the arguments for it at the time of its adoption were so forceful as to make the Triple Alliance a necessity to Italy. The war between the Clerical and Radical parties in Italy was fiercely waged, and Crispi and his friends were in every action governed by their anti-Clerical prejudices. Not until 1887, after Depretis's death, did Crispi become formally Premier, although his influence previously had been such as to make him almost so in actuality. Following his full accession to power came a renewal of the Triple Alliance, and enormous grants for military purposes. The financial and business crises which followed led to bitter opposition to Crispi's policy, and two attempts were made upon his life during insurrections at Rome and Naples. An appeal to the country resulted in the return of Crispi's party to power with a very large majority, but he was unable to govern successfully the factions of his own party, and in 1891 he was succeeded for a time by Rudini. The latter's rule was short-lived, and Crispi soon came into power again at the head of a coalition ministry. By this time Crispi was regarded by Radicals and Extremists as an ultra-conservative because he declared himself "the apostle of peace, not of war." His support of the throne had become closer and stronger; and when, in 1895, a general election became necessary, he insisted that the King was the symbol of unity, and that the only choice was between the national monarchy and social, moral, and political anarchy. This election also was carried by Crispi by a large majority; but no statesman could stand before the wave of popular wrath which followed the disasters to the Italian army in Abyssinia; and in March, 1896, Crispi was compelled to retire from the Ministry and to close his long and brilliant career.



**Lord Kitchener's
Proclamation**

The proclamation issued by the British commander-in-chief threatens with perpetual banishment from South Africa all Boer leaders who do not surrender before September 15, together with a fine

upon any property belonging to them in the colonies to cover the cost of maintenance for their families who may be under British authority. Probably by "South Africa" Lord Kitchener means that part now under British rule, as he certainly does not assume to control German or Portuguese territory. The reasons for the order are forcibly put in eight "whereas" clauses. Briefly, they are that the burghers in arms are few in numbers, not well equipped, devoid of regular military organization, and cannot carry on organized resistance, but can only make isolated attacks on small posts and detachments. The order is, therefore, intended to put an end to "a state of things which is aimlessly prolonging bloodshed and destruction, and inflicting ruin upon a great majority of the inhabitants, who are anxious to live in peace and earn a livelihood for themselves and families." Whether the order will have much practical effect or not is an open question. The London "Daily News" calls it an "empty thunderbolt," while the "Standard" fears it is too conciliatory. Many military men think that the order referred to last week, in which instant execution is threatened against Cape Colony rebels, will have more effect than this week's proclamation, as it is not likely that the Boer leaders now in arms expected lenient treatment if they were captured. They are holding the field under no reasonable prospect of obtaining independence or of influencing Great Britain to establish local self-government in the new colonies, but solely to inflict as much damage and money loss as possible on a hated enemy.



Newfoundland Ransomed The danger that the entire colony of Newfoundland should be controlled by one contractor has been averted. The Reid Railway Bill has passed through both houses of the Legislature and has been signed by the Governor. The new law accepts the contracts made for the island by Mr. Bond, the present Premier, with Mr. Reid, whereby a cash payment of about eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Mr. Reid restores to the colony the ownership of great tracts of land improperly granted by a previous Ministry. The fact that Mr. Winter, who was

Premier when the grants were made, has been acting as Mr. Reid's solicitor has significance. The story of the grants has been told in these columns. Briefly, they grew out of an attempt to build a railway. The Government sank large sums in the construction and made little progress. The management was unbusinesslike, the expenditure extravagant, the whole affair little more than a piece of political jobbery. When the Government's finances became involved, it offered Mr. Reid, as a reward for the proposed completion of the railway, no less than 3,375,000 acres of good lands. This extraordinary contract was made after the Winter Ministry had been defeated at the polls, but before their terms of office expired. The grant included some of the best parts of the island—coast line, villages, farms, homesteads, timberland, water-power, and other valuable franchises. This was made possible only by ignoring the "squatter" privileges, which hitherto Newfoundland had systematically respected under certain conditions as an informal kind of homestead occupation, and also overriding similar mining and timber claims under leases which by custom and policy had almost become vested rights. When the extent of these grants was understood and the colony stood face to face with the danger of becoming an individual's monopoly, feeling ran high, a political convulsion took place, and the result is now seen in the redeeming of the colony at a price large in itself but small in relation to the immense interests which had been given away. This cannot be called repudiation, as the holder of the grants was wise enough to retire from an untenable position by accepting a compromise. The incident might suggest constitutional and ethical questions as to how far a people is bound by the patently dishonest acts of an existing government.



Telephone Service in Europe

The "Electrical World and Engineer," in its issue of August 3, publishes an elaborate review of telephone conditions in Europe, prepared for the Industrial Commission by Mr. U. N. Bethell, the General Manager of the New York Telephone Company. Though the argument of an official of a private company

against public ownership or control of the telephone industry, Mr. Bethell's review bears the stamp, not only of painstaking accuracy, but of a desire for fairness. To his statistics showing the wider use of telephone service in the cities of this country than in those of Europe no exception whatever can be taken. In the forty-four European cities with over two hundred thousand people there is an average of only one telephone to every sixteen families; in the twenty American cities of the same grade there is an average of one telephone to every ten families. The extent of the difference in favor of America cannot be questioned, though its cause would seem to us to be the greater proportion of families in America who can afford to pay for rapid means of intercommunication. Certainly this is the reason for the greater use of street-car facilities in this country than in Europe, and the contrast in street railroads (in which public ownership cuts little figure) is far more striking than in the telephone industry, in which public ownership is in Europe coming to be the prevailing system. As to the quality of the service rendered, Mr. Bethell's contrasts in favor of America seem to be those of a witness who is sure of his ground. The American service, he says, is much prompter and much better. It is only in the comparison of the rates charged that Mr. Bethell's argument fails. Here he continually falls back upon the relative lowness of wages in European countries, as if this ought to make everything in Europe cost only half what it does here. If this argument were final, it would plainly be impossible for American farms and factories to sell a thousand million dollars' worth of goods in Europe yearly, and for American railways to handle freight more cheaply than European. In his comparisons of rates Mr. Bethell contends very strongly that the prevailing New York system of charging so much per message (ten cents) is preferable to the European system of a "flat" rate, since it excludes the useless use of the instruments. Though the flat rate (for unlimited use) in New York is \$240, the introduction of the message-rate system has reduced the average cost of a New York telephone to \$85 a year. This charge, Mr. Bethell contends, compares quite favorably with the London

flat rate of \$72, and not unfavorably with the Berlin flat rate of \$45. As to the force of this contention every reader must be his own judge. The happy compromise between the two systems of a flat rate and a purely message rate would seem to be the system established by the Swiss Government, in which the subscriber pays a flat rate of \$20 the first year, \$14 the second year, and \$8 each subsequent year to cover the cost of installing the instrument and keeping up the general system, and in addition pays one cent for each message to cover the extra expense necessitated thereby. By this plan the Government avoids the use of the telephone for messages not worth a cent to the sender, and at the same time furnishes a practically unlimited service for a moderate figure—a family which averages three messages a day getting its telephone for \$19 a year after the second year. Mr. Bethell is right in contending that these rates should not be compared with those in our largest cities, since Switzerland's largest city, Zurich, has only 150,000 people; but he is wrong in intimating that the Swiss rates do not cover expenses because of the one year's deficit when the plant was being extended. The Swiss rule for its telegraph and telephone department is to furnish the service exactly at cost, and this rule is adhered to with few exceptions.



Woman Suffrage in Norway

The exact significance of the cablegram a few weeks ago announcing the passage of a law giving the suffrage to the women of Norway is clearly set forth by Mr. William E. Curtis in a letter from Christiania to the Chicago "Times-Herald." The law in question does give most of the women of Norway the right to vote, but this right is limited to municipal elections. It is furthermore restricted to women who pay taxes on incomes of not less than three hundred kroner (eighty-one dollars) in the country, or four hundred kroner (one hundred and eight dollars) in the cities, or live with husbands who are taxed for such amounts. Until three years ago municipal suffrage for men was restricted in like fashion. In 1898 the movement for universal male suffrage triumphed, and its triumph came very near

carrying with it the triumph of woman suffrage, as the two movements had practically joined forces in the campaign preceding. The woman suffragists were defeated in 1898, however, because they were not agreed among themselves as to whether the wives and dependent daughters of male taxpayers should be given the ballot. A compromise was effected this last May, and the bill giving the suffrage to wives, but withholding it from daughters not taxed on an independent income, passed through Parliament, with the unanimous support of the Liberal and Radical parties, and considerable support from the Conservative. There were only twenty votes cast in the negative. The woman suffrage movement, says Mr. Curtis in his interesting letter, was organized in 1884 by a Miss Gina Krog, who has ever since been the principal lecturer and writer in its behalf, publishing a newspaper called "The New Ground." It was not until 1890 that the Association secured the introduction of a measure into the Storting, and its first measure was merely a bill giving women the right to vote on school matters. This bill in 1890 received only forty-four votes out of one hundred and fourteen. A little later the Liberal party made woman suffrage a part of its programme. The suffragists are reported to be enthusiastic over their recent victory, and to anticipate that in a few years the women of Norway will be allowed to vote upon national questions. There are, however, many Norwegians who believe that women are more likely to be interested in the management of local affairs than in the political questions which divide parties in national politics, and on this account will support a municipal suffrage bill when they would oppose a more general measure.



A Municipal Lighting Plant Rejected

At the special election held in Columbus, O., to determine whether the city should establish an electric lighting plant, barely one-quarter of the voters are reported to have come to the polls, and of these a bare majority voted in favor of the municipal enterprise, when the sanction of two-thirds was required to carry it forward. The smallness of the vote even more than the smallness of the

majority indicates that the popular demand for the municipal operation of municipal monopolies is less urgent than most of its advocates have claimed. It is true, of course, that at nearly all elections fewer men vote upon measures than upon candidates, because relatively few men are interested in them or have definite opinions or prejudices regarding them. Wherever and whenever the mass of the people are apathetic upon any public question, the politicians are right in claiming that the majority prefer to have it settled for them rather than to settle it themselves. The question of the public operation of electric lighting plants does not as yet apparently interest the mass of the voters sufficiently for them to attend a special election to pass upon it. In one respect, however, the absence of popular excitement over the Columbus election is matter for congratulation. It indicates that citizens could vote for or against a municipal electric lighting plant without thereby going on record as "Socialists" or "monopolists." Those only are properly classed as "Socialists" who are bound to have public ownership no matter what the probabilities of public loss; and those only are properly classed as monopolists who are bound to exclude public ownership no matter what the probabilities of public gain. Public corporations ought to have the same right as private corporations to engage in business enterprises, but, having the right, they should, like private corporations, exercise it only when there is promise of profit. It has often happened that in the fear of public competition private electric lighting plants have offered cheaper service than a new public plant was likely to secure in years.



**The North Carolina
Tuskegee**

The influence of such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee appears in the successive rise of others planned on similar lines. In the last issue of the "American Missionary" appears an account of the Brick Agricultural, Industrial, and Normal School in North Carolina, founded six years ago by Mrs. Julia E. Brick, and named in memory of her husband, the late Joseph Keasbey Brick, of New York. In the "black belt" of the State, at Enfield, in a section

where eight or ten weeks a year in the public school is the only other provision for popular education, it is well placed for a regenerating influence. The need of it was evinced by the statement of a neighboring negro preacher that he never encouraged his congregation to get homes and to educate their children, since those who did so "would not support the gospel"—of course, not such a gospel as he preached. The same prejudice has here been lived down and overcome as has encountered similar beginnings elsewhere from both whites and negroes. The school farm of eleven hundred acres, almost a wilderness at first, has been made one of the best in the State, and in doing it an immense amount of labor has been laid out in clearing, fencing, ditching, diking, roads, bridges, grading, tree-planting, and building. The enrollment has rapidly grown from a handful to over two hundred, half of them boarding pupils, several of whom have walked a hundred miles to enter, and most of whom would not be anywhere at school were it not for the opportunity here offered to work their way. Most of the school and farm work is done by the students, and various trades are taught them. The school was organized under the auspices of the American Missionary Association—the pioneer society in planting negro schools of the older type. The Principal, Mr. T. S. Inborden, a man of rare qualities, is sufficiently commended by his work. It is to be hoped that Senator Tillman has been incorrectly reported as condemning such institutions, particularly Principal Washington's work at Tuskegee, on the ground that educating the negro on industrial lines, so as to place him on a level with the white workman, would intensify race hatred.



**Missionary Co-operation
and Progress**

Evidence accumulates that the principles of comity and co-operation in missionary work that were so strongly emphasized in the Ecumenical Conference a year ago are being practically applied. Following the recent announcement of the agreement of several missionary societies in the Philippines upon the common name of "The Philippine Evangelical Church" for their several groups of converts, comes the report

that a constitution has been formulated by the missions in Japan, providing for a "Standing Committee of Co-operating Christian Missions." This is to be a representative body, in which each mission of fifteen or more members will be represented proportionately to its numbers. The missions in Japan of several branches of the Methodist body have also matured a plan which brings them into a common organization. Another line of co-operation recently initiated is represented by a committee of the Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian missions, for the joint preparation of Sunday-school literature. This has now been in operation for more than a year. A further proposition has in view a union hymnal for the same missions and a selection of a hundred hymns and tunes for use in all churches in Japan. The College Young Men's Christian Association has entered with vigor into a new and promising field among the boys whom the school system of Japan gathers, in abnormally large numbers, into the large towns, where they lack good homes. For these it has already established in Tokyo a large boarding-house, regarded as the hopeful precursor of many others. The attitude of the Government toward Christian schools has become much more friendly, and the late Joseph Neesima's famous training-school, the Doshisha, has regained all the privileges it formerly enjoyed in common with the Government schools. The latest reports of the "Evangelistic Advance," which has been quietly carried on for some time past with great activity in preaching by missionaries and Japanese pastors, indicate that an extensive revival is in progress. In a letter dated June 17 Dr. Greene states that in the city of Tokyo alone four thousand persons have declared their wish to become Christians. Dr. De Forest, writing June 3, from Sendai, the central city of the six northeastern prefectures of Japan, says: "The harvest is already greater than any of us dared hope for." A remarkable advance, in a Japanese point of view, has been made in the province of Joshu, a center of Christian activity, in the abolition of licensed prostitution. Observers say that "the era of educated women's influence over boys and young men seems to have dawned

in Japan," and this is surely a peculiarly hopeful sign.



A Needed Endowment In 1827, in a New York City of two hundred thousand inhabitants, a small band of worshipers were sitting on uncushioned pine benches and kneeling on the neatly sanded floor in an upper room on the corner of Howard Street and Broadway, while their church was being built. When, ten years later, this church, which stood on Canal Street, was burned down, the present building, the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, was erected in its place. In these seventy-five years the Church of the Ascension has had but five pastors. Two were called from it to the bishoprics of Ohio and Massachusetts, one to be Phillips Brooks's successor in Trinity, another died after twenty-two years of ministry, and its present rector, the Rev. Percy S. Grant, has held office only five years. In that time, however, he has made the church a free church, its communicants coming alike from the West Side tenements and from Washington Square. With very few exceptions, the old members have given the church a heartier support than ever, and a large institutional work is carried on in the crowded streets of the old "Greenwich Village" near by: nurseries for the children in the winter, fresh-air outings in the summer, mothers' meetings, kitchen-gardens, boys' clubs, and many other beneficent means by which the church of to-day seeks to enter and vivify the daily life. Not least valuable are the parish receptions to which the parishioners of all classes come and intermingle. The church, however, is challenged by the problem before which, in the last few years, nineteen downtown churches have already fled. Slowly and steadily its wealthier members move uptown. While the church is full, the poorer members who take their place need its ministrations not the less that they are less able to sustain its expenses. The income of the church does not meet the large drafts made upon it by its institutional work, and year after year the richer members have made up the deficiency. If the church is not to follow them uptown, but to stay where it is needed, it must be

endowed to carry on its work. There is not another Episcopal church below Fourteenth Street that is not receiving some share of the old Trinity grant. The Church of the Ascension appeals for an endowment of \$250,000, and its appeal is heartily indorsed by Bishop Potter and the clergy of the diocese. One of them, who had been inclined to doubt its need, and who is the pastor of a large uptown church which seats twelve hundred, after preaching one June morning to a congregation of fifty, came down to find the service in the Church of the Ascension just closing, the worshipers filling the church. He doubted no longer. Fear was expressed lest some future rector might not continue the Broad Church traditions of the parish, but Mr. Grant replied that, at service the day before, the choir was headed by a band of boys from the mission chapel, who marched up the aisle led by a little Jewish lad singing with all his might "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and that as long as the church was broad enough to take in Hebrews, there need be no fear for its future. If large free churches are to be maintained in lower New York, they must be endowed. Their yearly incomes cannot be expected to provide for the demands made upon them, and their appeal for endowment should be heeded by all who regard character-building as the most important work to which a man can set his hand, his thought, or his money.



**The Tercentenary of the
Montauban Seminary**

Three centuries ago, shortly after the Edict of Nantes, the Huguenots organized several institutions of learning, one of which, the Montauban Theological Seminary, has survived to this day. The tercentenary of this institution has just been celebrated. A representative of the Minister of Education, delegates of several southern universities, of the schools of theology of Paris, Geneva, Lausanne, and Neuchâtel, of educational, Biblical, missionary, and philanthropic organizations, hundreds of old students, and many visitors, made this occasion a memorable one. The organizers of this celebration called it *fêtes*, and a part of it had a genuine festal character, including much singing, a reception, an excursion, and a Biblical play by Theo-

dore Beza, "The Sacrifice of Abraham." French Protestants are usually, it is said, very solemn on such occasions, but from the reports one sees that the sad note was brightened on this occasion. Some of the addresses were even humorous. The orators refrained from profuse perorations upon the martyrdom of their fathers, though interesting papers were read, and the nineteenth century was surveyed with gratifying results. There was noticeable in the addresses an intense ethical seriousness, a strong faith in God, and that stern objective way of viewing duty which has been a marked characteristic of French Protestants at all times. It was to be expected that much would be said about Montauban, the heroic period of its history, its old and new ways, its distinguished alumni, such as the late Auguste Sabatier, its missionary graduates in foreign fields, its noble work in preparing an earnest, practical, and aggressive ministry. Rector Perroud insisted upon the loyalty of Protestants to science, to the best methods in education, and to all the forms of liberalism. It is on that account that the only two schools of theology supported by the Government are Protestant. Their work is considered as strictly university work. Much was also said incidentally upon the work of the Protestant churches, and how well these have been served by Montauban. The striking feature of the celebration is that in this conservative school—conservative as compared with Paris—one heard much about freedom of research, of theological readjustments, of the scientific study of the Bible, of loyalty to science as well as to Christ. Theological divisions were left in the background. There was a feeling that while the conservatives and the progressives may continue to do their respective works, the times demand that they should unite against materialism of every kind, social disorders of every form, growing alcoholism, and unprincipled journalism. Each will in its own way endeavor to reach the churchless, the creedless, and the Christless, but all must unite in opposing definite evils and in performing social duties demanded by the times. The spirit during the meetings and the union upon so many points are a demonstration of the moral unity of French Protestantism.

Presbyterian Statistics The recently published comparative summary report of the Presbyterian Church (North) for the six years 1896-1901, inclusive, shows a gain of one synod, nine presbyteries, two hundred and six churches, five hundred and ninety ministers, over eighty-one thousand communicants, and more than fifty-one thousand in the Sunday-schools. The last two classes now number over a million each. The increase of communicants and of churches during the past year has been considerably above the yearly average. A marked falling off is exhibited in the number of candidates for the ministry, local evangelists, and licentiates, whose present numbers are severally but sixty per cent., sixty-seven per cent., and seventy-four per cent. of their numbers as reported in 1896. The total contributions for the past year exceed sixteen million dollars, about one-fourth being for benevolent objects—an increase of over two millions since 1896.



Brotherhood of the Kingdom

Practical Christianity, as Maurice and Kingsley fifty years ago preached it, for the healing of social sores, a growing faith and practice now, is a main interest of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom, the ninth annual conference of which was held July 29-August 2, at its usual meeting-place in the spacious grounds of Mrs. William R. Williams, on the hilltop at Marlborough-on-the-Hudson. The principal subjects of the addresses and discussions were "The Church in Modern Society," with reference to its various relations and functions, and a variety of "Present Day Questions of Reform." Other subjects were "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology," "Anabaptism and Christian Social Democracy," "Christian Cosmology," and "Our Debt to the Pilgrim Fathers." Under the lead of the Rev. Leighton Williams, the Brotherhood maintains correspondence with similar movements in other countries. The addresses at these conferences are always of a high order, and this year's business sessions showed increasing vigor in the movement. The Hon. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, of Philadelphia, is its Corresponding Secretary, and the Rev. E. Tallmadge Root, of Providence, is Chairman

of the Evangelization Committee. A place on the Executive Committee is taken this year by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, of the "Evangelist," in association with a number of well-known ministers and laymen. Though the Brotherhood's meetings in a rural town attract little public notice at the time, its publications diffuse a wide influence, and its conferences are often notable for their contributions to the serious thought of the day.



More Antiquities for the Museums

The present exhibition of antiquities in London from last season's diggings by the Egypt Exploration Fund is not only a richly varied one, but is deservedly attracting unusual notice from scholars and tourists. Professor Flinders Petrie has informed the society's chief representative for America, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, of Boston, that "the new collection draws more attention than any that we have had before." A point of special interest to museums and museum supporters in the United States is the fact that a large share of these hundreds of relics, some of priceless historical value, is coming to such museums as those in New York, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and in Yale and Chicago Universities. The work at Abydos by Dr. Petrie affords a continuous record of sixteen kings of the earliest historical dates of old Egypt. In the exhibit are such auriferous antiques as the gold bar of Mena, bearing his name, that of the first monarch of the land of the Nile; a hollow gold case of Zer, his successor; a pin belonging to one of Zer's retainers, and a cap of gold bearing an emblem of Osiris. A touching echo from humanity of 4800 B.C. is the ivory figure of a girl found in a tomb of Bener-ab, doubtless Mena's daughter. "Sweet of Heart" was the name given by that rugged warrior to his darling child. The earliest bits of Ægean ware yet found by archæology only show to us that all things are possible archæologically in the soil where the Pharaohs mortally sleep. This archaic exhibition, by the way, is another reminder of what the Egypt Exploration Fund is doing so grandly to restore to the world invaluable data in man's evolutionary achievements.

South American Trade

At the Pan-American Exposition, in Buffalo, on July 17—"Ohio Day"—Senator Hanna was among the guests on the platform and was called on for a speech. He made a good one, chiefly concerning our commercial relations with South America and their recent decline, alleging that the principal need in any improvement will be direct steamship lines, because at present all our commerce with that neighboring continent is carried on by way of Liverpool and Hamburg. He added: "Wherever we have the means of intercourse we have the ability to get the markets. In Central America, to which we have two lines of steamships flying the American flag, our trade has doubled in the last few years."

This is all true; but, coming from Senator Hanna, it seems to cast a suggestive glance toward the dropped but, as is generally believed, not abandoned steamship subsidy bill. And it is worth asking, How came the two Central American lines to be established, and why are they successful, when yet there is no subsidy? If our South American trade promises to be profitable—and, with any reasonable provisions of reciprocity, even under the Dingley tariff law there are very solid grounds for belief that it would be so—there will be little difficulty in finding the capital for direct steamship lines. This is pre-eminently the age of commerce, and especially to and from the United States. All the lines are busy with both freight and passengers, and are building every year more and larger and swifter vessels to accommodate the rapidly growing traffic. Our shipyards are over-full with orders; vessels of peace and of war are building on every hand. Our manufactures and agricultural products are seeking outlets to foreign lands. What we want in order to encourage a South American trade is not a bonus to steamship lines but an unshackling of commerce. We cannot maintain steamship lines between South America and North America unless there is something for them to carry, and there can be nothing for them to carry one way if we do not allow them to carry anything the other way. Not in subsidies but in reciprocity is the remedy for a stagnant commerce.

The President has already struck the keynote in his speeches in the South; and leading National legislators and political gatherings representing the great Northwest in the Republican party have given similar expressions in the North and West. Give to trade its fair chance for action, and the means of intercourse will promptly appear. Senator Hanna says: "We must establish closer relations with South America; must get into closer commercial contact with her republics. . . . Let us make trade expansion a patriotic movement, and let this Pan-American Exposition be the beginning."

Amen. Open the reciprocity sluice-gates in the tariff dam and the waters will flow.



The Love of Nature

It is interesting, and not unfrequently somewhat humiliating as well, to notice how the associations and impressions of youth enter into the deeper enjoyments of mature life. In one's enjoyment of nature, for example, what various elements are combined! In the writer's own case he never feels sure that it is not considerably pure vagabondage. The gracious memory still lingers of one red-letter day in youth when he crossed the river, near his school home, with a Waverley novel in his hand, and wandered along the lonely, grass-grown wood-road that ran at the base of the hill by the river, and read, and read, at the roots of the trees, by the great rocks, on the moss, in the stillness almost unbroken to the ear, until the day was far spent. That day hardly seems to belong to this world at all, but we suspect it has tintured the enjoyment of all out-of-door days since. The magic of the wizard peopled the scene with those who had none of the burdens of the twentieth century. Actions were determined, not by rule, by clock and bell and whistle and business order, but by sudden adventures and enterprises of skill and courage. It was a realm of freedom and personal power. The actors have indeed disappeared, but the stage remains and suggests the old play, and one sorrowfully suspects that the delight in Nature is very much enjoyment of one's irresponsibility and vagrant sense of escaping into a world where routine and duty

are not. Thousands, however, can trace a deeper current, for which we acknowledge an inestimable debt to John Ruskin. From him came, not only some unveiling of the beauty of the earth and sky, but the conviction of meaning in that beauty; a meaning which one may not always think of, and may never be able to unravel, and yet be deeply moved by. We may not be able to interpret the hills and rocks and clouds and infinite sky, and yet be profoundly impressed, as, in a lesser way, in a great library, with the conviction that there is something there expressed infinitely worth knowing. The sense that something is being said which one cannot interpret is sometimes positively painful, especially when we stand in the midst of some special profusion of nature. Perhaps the reason why one comes down from the hills subdued yet exalted, with a purified sense of a meaning and worth in life, is just that uninterpreted sense of a word in all around far removed from the words of men.

Charles Dudley Warner makes one of his characters say, "You Americans want scenery, we Germans love nature." What brings refreshment is not the search for the striking, the picturesque, the unusual, but the delight in the broad aspects of the earth, the acceptance of nature as it is presented, taking what is offered at the time and "possessing" it.

"The hills interpret heavenly mysteries," sings one of our American poets. Many of us cannot receive that interpretation, and yet feel with more or less clearness that the hills are rooted in heavenly mysteries, in the New Testament use of that word—as something made known to those who are prepared to receive it. That is why, in some scenes, all books seem inadequate, if not impertinent, but one. "I am the true vine," said Christ, the original vine. All others are derived from him and have their particular meaning from him. The relation between vine and branch was not first in the stock that grows in the vineyard, but in the relation between Christ and his own. My Father giveth you the true bread—the original bread. And so He is the original of all. He is the word that speaks to us in the silences of the hills, and on the plains, and by the rivers. To listen is to be refreshed—is strength and peace.

Agnosticism—Good and Bad

There are two philosophies entitled agnosticism, which are confounded in the popular mind and often treated as identical by religious teachers, but which are very different, not only in their spirit, but also in their intellectual affirmations. The one is modest, reticent, perplexed, and is adopted as a refuge from perplexity; the other is positive, dogmatic, aggressive, a denial that life is perplexing. The one is a confession of the limitations of the human intellect, the other an affirmation of the limitation of the knowable universe. The one finds its expression in Tennyson's verse:

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they;

the other, in the exultant declaration of D'Argenson, quoted by John Morley in his biography of Diderot, "Our nation and our century . . . will banish every priest, all priesthood, all revelation, all mystery." The second agnosticism rests on the assumption that all our knowledge comes through the senses—that we can know only what we see, hear, touch, taste, smell, and by our reason deduce from our senses, and that all inquiring into a supposed invisible world which transcends the senses is at best an inquiry into the nature of the other side of the moon, at worst the parent of every kind of superstition. The other agnosticism, with Herbert Spencer, recognizes the fact that "a brute thinks only of things which can be touched, seen, heard, tasted, etc., . . . but the developing man has thoughts about existences which he regards as usually intangible, inaudible, invisible, and yet which he regards as operative upon him," but it declines to be dogmatic respecting this transcendent world, or to assume to frame a theory of the universe which, including this world, shall be complete and comprehensive. It is in this sense that Professor Huxley, who invented the word "agnostic," first used it, though he sometimes in his writings seems to assume the truth of the philosophy which underlies the other view. "I took thought," he says, "and invented what I conceived

to be the appropriate title of 'agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the 'gnostic' of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant."

This type of agnosticism, which protests against the shallow conceit that assumes to analyze, classify, and confine in a complete survey the Infinite and Eternal, is not new. The noblest sages have given expression to it in all epochs. It is the theme of Job's complaint against his gnostic critics:

Canst thou find out the secret of God?
Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?

Higher than Heaven—what canst thou do?
Deeper than Sheol—what canst thou know?

It is the basis of Paul's counsel to the pretentious wise men of his time: "Knowledge shall vanish away; for we know the truth only in fragments." It is implied in Christ's rebuke of the Pharisees who thought they knew all theology: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." No other illustrations are needed to make it clear that this type of agnosticism is quite consistent with the most devout faith. "I hardly dare name His Name," said Tennyson; "but take away belief in the self-conscious personality of God, and you take away the backbone of the world."

But if this agnosticism is not modern, if it is as old as intellectual humility, it is more common to-day than it ever was before. We have lost our satisfaction in the completed creeds of our fathers, and we try in vain to construct some new and better-framed creeds to take their place. We have learned that we are finite, and we are learning that the Infinite is Infinite, and that no finite thoughts can give satisfactory account of Him. Science has destroyed our creeds and given us no new ones. We have learned that revealed religion can no more complete our knowledge of the invisible world than can natural religion, since the imperfection is in us, not in the statements presented to us. We are learning to appreciate the humble claims of the Bible to be "a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." The lantern which one carries swaying in his

hand in a dark night does not illumine the whole forest through which he picks his way; it is enough that it sheds a ray of light on the path in which he walks, and shows him where to put his foot in his next step. Revelation is not a disclosure of all truth; it is an interpretation of each day's duty. Knowledge is not an end, it is a means; and knowledge adequate to show us what is the duty which lies next to us is knowledge sufficient for our needs.

Whatever may be the philosophic remedy for the agnosticism of society, whatever arguments may be required from the religious teacher to show the reasonableness of the Christian faith, the remedy for the individual saddened by some loss of faith and by a great perplexity concerning the great problems of life is that suggested by Paul: "Even as things are, there abide faith, hope, love—these three; but the greatest of these is love." Tennyson has repeated almost the same message:

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

"We cannot know," or at best "we know only in fragments." What then? Even as things are we can have faith, "a beam in darkness;" we are not brutes to think only of things which can be touched, seen, heard, tasted, etc., but men with thoughts about existences which are intangible, inaudible, invisible, and yet operative upon us; and we can have hope—hope that is not seen, "for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?"—hope that is not content with the present, but aspires to a clearer vision and a diviner life; and we can have love, greatest of all, love that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, trusteth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. We may not know whether the Bible is authoritative and infallible, but we can use it as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path; we may not know whether Christ's unity with his Father is a moral unity or a metaphysical unity, but we can follow his example; we may doubt whether we are immortal, but we can live as we would

live if we were sure of our immortality ; we may distrust all definitions of God, and with Tennyson call him "The Nameless," and still share with Tennyson in the faith that is half desire and half belief: "I should infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth with a God above than the highest type of man standing alone." Such an agnosticism as this, though it may shadow our life, need not paralyze our activities, and may indeed eventually increase our spiritual aspirations and endeavors by just so much as it decreases our too self-satisfied content with our imaginary knowledge of a life too great for our comprehension.



A Pathetic Appeal

We have received from the Chairman of the University of Virginia, an office which corresponds to the presidency of most colleges, the following letter, to which we are glad to give editorial prominence :

Dear Mr. Abbott : Our little hospital here has been open for two months past and we have been running it experimentally. The building we occupy, as you know, is the Administration Building, which was not originally intended for patients, but we opened it up, with negroes on the first floor and whites on the second, and have been running it in this way for two months. The result of this experience is that, while our negroes represent only six-tenths of our population, they represent three-quarters of our poor and suffering, and we find that we are absolutely unable to accommodate them in proper proportion in our present building.

The appropriation for running this hospital for the present year is already provided for from our State income, but we cannot meet the demands of this suffering race unless we have more room. We have every promise of being able to build the white ward as a memorial, but the proposed negro ward, corresponding, but on the north side of the building, we have nothing for, and no present hope of erecting.

Do you know of any friends of this people, or half-dozen friends, who will raise \$16,000 for us for a twenty-bed negro ward? I know of no charity that would reach the real needs of this people as much, and we have done everything we can, having about ten negroes on hand all the time, and each bed is spoken for five times over before it is vacant. We have nurses enough and every other provision, but we have not the room. Do you know of any one who would help us? With all the millions that have been given by the North

for the education of the negro, it has always seemed strange to me that no attempt has been made to meet his physical wants. When I planned this hospital, it was with the distinct end that its good things would be bestowed equally upon the two races, and this we are ready to do, but we haven't the shelter for the negro unless we dispossess those who are not only needy but able to pay a little for their keep, while our services to the negro are pure charity.

P. B. BARRINGER,
Chairman.

There is something very pathetic in this appeal on behalf of a poor and helpless people by friends whose friendship has been doubted or denied. Whenever a race is put upon its own resources, the line of division begins to show itself between the competent and the incompetent. This division is showing itself to-day in the negro race. A fair proportion of that race are seen gradually rising to the demands of our exacting modern life; a larger number stand, as it were, dazed before the task presented to them; and, alas! another large number have given the task up and are slowly falling back. To meet the physical needs of these incapables, particularly the old slave remnant, worn out in the hopeless struggle, Virginians are trying in the hospital at Charlottesville to provide for some a repair-shop, for others a haven of refuge. It is the glory of modern civilization that in our towns and cities it furnishes to the poorest in free hospitals medical care as good as that which the wealthiest can purchase. It is the glory of Virginia that it is making a heroic attempt to apply this principle to the colored people in the present case. But the attempt is made under great disadvantages. The State is not able to help much because of the enormous State debt and the heavy draft made upon the State resources for the education of a great illiterate population. Of some four million dollars' income from taxation, over six hundred thousand goes first for interest on the State debt, over four millions goes to education, and the other fourteen hundred thousand only is left for current expenses of administration. If the negroes who need hospital care and attention are to receive it, the University of Virginia, which is endeavoring to provide it for them in its medical hospital, must have aid from without the State, and we commend the letter of Dr. Barringer most heartily to the consideration of any

philanthropist who is looking for a good opportunity for a paying investment. We say this after, and in part as a result of, a personal visit to Charlottesville, Va., and an inspection of the work which the University is undertaking to do.



The Habit of Charity

Charity is a very inadequate word when it is used to describe that noble attitude of mind which puts the best possible construction on the character and acts of another; for charity suggests something which must be overlooked or leniently judged, while, as a matter of fact, most harsh judgments are based on ignorance. If these judgments were final, there would be something inexpressibly tragic in their constant inadequacy and their frequent injustice. To exercise the functions of a judge, to measure out blame, to determine responsibility and pass sentence of condemnation, is to assume that one knows all the facts, is entirely dispassionate, and has a judicial spirit, while, as a matter of fact, very few people who pass judgments of all kinds every day in the year possess these qualities either singly or in combination. Most of the judgments which we pass on one another are worthless for lack of knowledge. We are hourly reaching conclusions about things concerning which we have no right, for lack of information, to hold an opinion. It is interesting to hear the talk of a group of people on any public question and to note how few show any clear command of facts, and how many are talking in blind indifference to the fact that they are incompetent to form an intelligent opinion of the matter they are discussing.

It is impossible for most men and women to gain first-hand knowledge of the questions of the hour and the day; the pressure of work excludes them from the full command of facts which the expert secures. But no man or woman ought to speak without thinking, or to think without first making sure of facts sufficient in number to afford a basis for a conclusion. If men and women were as conscientious about their opinions as about their acts, there would be far less religious and political partisanship in

society and far more tolerance, kindness, and sympathy; it is the lack of conscience in opinions and judgments which makes men and women uncharitable and censorious and sometimes leads society to commit cruel acts of injustice. Sensitive men and women are sometimes stung to death by the harsh and blighting criticisms of the communities in which they live; when the facts finally come to light and justify them, the damage has been done, and it is often irreparable. It is too late then for the cheap repentance of slanderers and defamers who never meant any harm, but who were simply stupid, thoughtless, and ignorant; who took up stones and cast them because it was the fashion of the moment.

We owe ourselves and society a duty in this matter which can neither be evaded nor neglected without the danger of harming others and brutalizing ourselves; for brutality is not too strong a word to use in this connection. The woman, however delicate in taste and faultless in manner, who defames another through malice or thoughtlessness is as brutal as the thug who waits at the dark corner and beats his victim into unconsciousness. To apply conscience to speech is to hold ourselves as responsible for our words as for our deeds. We have no right to express opinions on public questions until we have studied them, nor to pronounce judgments on our fellows until we know all the facts. And we not only owe it to society to guard it from our own tongues, but to put a check on the loose habits of talk of others. The censorious person is never to be believed; for such a person is always malicious, ignorant, or lacking in the faculty of clear observation. The men or women who habitually fasten upon the defects of good movements and the faults of good people ought to be made to understand that they are not believed. There ought to be free play of wise, discriminating, temperate criticism on measures and on people; but this true judgment is thwarted and defeated of its ends by the multitude of false judgments. My neighbor is entitled to be regarded as innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but there are those about him who do not wait for the evidence, but rush upon him in a vulgar, destructive crowd, trampling

upon his reputation without stopping to take thought. Such men and women are the bane of society; their lack of conscience, their easy-going stupidity, their susceptibility to the feeling of the crowd, lead them to crimes against their fellows which are not less heinous because the perpetrators did not mean to be malicious.



The Spectator

"Don't talk to me about the Advancement of Woman," said one of the Spectator's feminine friends to him the other day, "as long as any newspaper has a Woman's Page! Did you ever read the Woman's Page? Of course not; I never do myself, for that matter. But one can't help noticing the glaring drivel of it, even compared to the rest of the paper. And there must be plenty of women who do read it, for it has answers to correspondents, and all that sort of thing. I used to feel that as long as man had fourteen pockets, and woman hadn't one, the sexes would remain unequal; but, after all, that's a surface affair. I feel now that as long as man has the rest of the newspaper, and woman the Woman's Page, the case is more hopeless still!"



The Spectator was interested in this expert feminine opinion; and as it was a subject to which his serious attention had never before been directed, he determined to read the Woman's Page for himself. His observations have been cursory, and have extended only, so far, over a period of two weeks; but his curiosity is, so to speak, satiated. He does not want to stock his memory with any more recipes for removing sunburn and freckles, nor any more menus for a household of six people at fifty cents a day, nor any more new occupations for women, nor any "Fashion Dots and Doings," nor additional "Notes of Woman's Progress," nor even any bit of "Sunshine Poetry," nor advice to young mothers. The test of a good love-letter is said to be that it should contain nothing of any interest whatever except to the one who inspires it. The Woman's Page or column seems to be run upon this principle, and to exclude

an outside reader by containing nothing that can possibly interest him for a moment. But do its fashions, sensations, fancy-work, and feminine fads really interest the intelligent woman? and is the Spectator's friend, with her frank aversion to it, a freak or an average reader? The Spectator would like to know, for it raises a psychological question as to the variation of the masculine and feminine newspaper reader that is most interesting.



Is the average woman, for instance, actually interested in reading and making her own such classes of facts as the following headings (taken at random from our large city dailies, not all yellow journals either) show forth: "Girl Collector of Human Skulls," "Pocket Monkeys Now in Favor as Pets," "Woman and Phrenology—Marriages Made by Bumps," "The Only Woman Skipper," "Twenty Pretty Kansas Girls Form a Brass Band," "A New Face Given to Countess C——," "Woman as an Auctioneer," "Men who 'Fifty Years a Factory Girl,'" and so on? Fall in Love with Women's Portraits," One paragraph headed "Sit Still and Rest Your Face" advises the removal of wrinkles by this form of rest-cure. The Spectator remembers hearing of a girl once who was "so homely that she had to sit up nights to rest her face," but he never heard that the process was beautifying before. "Ladies' Maids Live Longest" is another heading, and the statistics marshaled under it are made to prove that even the clergy, hitherto supposed to be the longest lived of mortals, must yield to the abigails, since "between twenty-five and sixty-five years of age, only eight out of a thousand ladies' maids die." If the statistics were not so positive, the same comment might be made upon this supposed longevity that gives point to the well-known and cynical conundrum, "Why do married people live longer than single ones?" "They don't; it only *seems* longer." For, surely, to be a lady's maid cannot be an easy or pleasant existence.



The pictures upon the Woman's Page usually match the text. The Spectator has a blurred remembrance of many

score of bewildering fashion effects, and of innumerable portraits of women who have done unusual things. The photograph of a woman who has made a success as an undertaker in a Western town remains in the memory particularly, because, being evidently clad in a ball gown, the mixed suggestion of gayety and grief was striking. The Princess Waldemar of somewhere-or-other, in fireman's costume, helmet and all, and with her royal hands in her pockets, also stands out in the Spectator's mind with vivid force. "The Biggest Fish Ever Caught by a Woman" almost filled one Woman's Page, and the portraits of "Twenty American Heiresses About to Storm Europe" left barely room for the text describing their meditated descent upon the Old World, which might well tremble before their determined charms, as reproduced in half-tone smudginess. The half-tones upon the Woman's Page seem smudgier, indeed, than in any other part of the paper—but this may be only the fancy of one unused to such striking feminine subjects.



The Spectator had the curiosity to ask a journalistic friend as to the editors of the various Woman's Pages, and heard some interesting facts about their work. Not many women hold such positions long; they are exacting in their demands, and require an unusual combination of powers—which seems probable. One young woman, however, fresh from a convent west of the Mississippi, came to New York at eighteen and edited the Woman's Page of a very large and very yellow newspaper for several years, making a great success of it. Another, born on a Western ranch, brought up like Bret Harte's breezy heroines, and fond of riding bareback over the plains, took up this form of journalism, and introduced a peculiarly domestic and philanthropic department into the Woman's Page of a great Eastern daily that still remains a permanent feature, though she herself has left the staff.



One point seems to show that the Woman's Page is read, and read largely. Advertisements upon it command high prices. This pecuniary profit smoothes

over the rubs that sometimes occur between the feminine department and the rest of the paper. For instance, not long ago, a lot of highly expensive and specially prepared cloth was ordered for use in some illustrating process by a big city newspaper. The Spectator leaves it to those who understand such matters to say exactly why it was required, for he doesn't know. But the fact remains that it was ordered, and that it never turned up. The delay was great and vexatious. The manufacturers insisted that the cloth had been sent on time, however, and the whole staff was finally roused up to help in the search. At this juncture the editor of the Woman's Page remembered that a package of cloth had been brought to her, but that she thought it was for a little society that had recently organized among the readers of her page—a society that distributed anything and everything to anybody and everybody who needed it. She had therefore joyfully cut the cloth into neat square pieces, and sent it off to various "shut-ins" from Oregon to Florida, to make tidies, pincushions, etc., of it, as their fancy willed. She further explained, sweetly, that it had pleased the society very much, and that grateful letters were beginning to be received from the nearest points. The feelings of the art editor may be imagined—but, after all, as the business manager remarked, "it was a good piece of advertising, though it came high!"



The Spectator has always frowned upon the dime novel for the small boy. He cannot exactly see how the Woman's Page can be profitable reading for the American woman, young or old. There are exceptions, of course; but when his fair friend called it "glaring drivel," she used only the plain English of the situation. The women of America are thought to be the most clever, the most charming, and the most superior of their sex the world over; but while the Woman's Page remains what it is, they can hardly expect the world to believe the claim. The opponent of feminine progress might well paraphrase Béranger's famous saying and exclaim, "Let me write the Woman's Page for a nation, and I care not who endows its women's colleges!"

The Government's Gift of Homes

By Charles Moreau Harger

THE Government has just completed a unique experiment in land-giving—the distribution of thirteen thousand 160 acre farms in Oklahoma by lottery. As it is, perhaps, the last of the great Indian reservations to be opened to white settlement, at least upon so generous a scale, it has been an interesting demonstration of the eagerness among the people to possess a slice of Uncle Sam's farm. When it was announced by the President that the land would be opened in August of the present year, those familiar with the conditions estimated that sixty thousand people might be applicants for the claims; instead, one hundred and sixty-seven thousand journeyed to the registration places to take a chance in the drawing. They came from every State in the Union. The Maine school-teacher, the Oregon woodsman, and the Alabama cotton-raiser jostled each other on the crowded trains. From the adjoining States whole neighborhoods seemed to come—clerks, lawyers, business men, farm boys, hundreds of them, each hoping that there might come out of the venture great riches.

While these traveled on the overburdened railways, along the dusty roads, amid the corn-fields parched with the long-continued drought, toiled the white-topped prairie schooners bearing the real home-seekers. Some of them traveled for hundreds of miles; some were camped along the borders of the promised land months before the opening. From beneath the flapping covers of the slow-going wagons peered wistfully the wife and children, to whom the venture meant more than to any one else.

It is doubtful if ever again will be gathered so many "prairie schooners," as these campers' vehicles are called, as assembled around El Reno during the days that decided the fate of so great a multitude. On every vacant lot, in the fields and out on the plain, they rested, like vast flocks of white-winged birds settled down to a feast. The teams were weary and attenuated, the men and wo-

men sunburned and travel-stained—they were the ones who longed for the old-time race for a claim, as then, they felt, the speculator would be barred, or at least have an inferior chance.

Herein lay the injustice of the lottery plan of opening: to the man with \$25,000, the clerk with a position, and to the homeless emigrant the chance was the same. To the vast majority it was a gamble, a long shot at a dozen choice claims, worth probably from \$25,000 to \$5,000 each. To the others it meant a very real struggle for a home. Looking at the throng as it assembled upon the dusty streets of El Reno, the hope could not be repressed that fortune's favorites would be some of those needy ones and not those who already had a share of life's good things.

No plan could have been more fairly conducted. In one sense it was not a lottery. Those who wished to enter the lands and to homestead in the ordinary manner—or were willing to declare that they so desired—were permitted to select by lot the order of their filing. At El Reno and Fort Sill booths were opened, at which all except old soldiers must register in person, giving age, residence, and description. These data were entered on cards which were sealed and deposited in great boxes, one box for each of the two districts (north and south) into which the reservation was divided. On July 29 the drawing commenced. The first name drawn from the box for the El Reno (north) district told who might have first choice of all the claims in that district. The order of the names indicated the order of choice. The same procedure took place in the Lawton (south) district. Before the whites could locate claims, the allotment to Indians took place. Each Indian of the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache tribes, about 3,000 in all, selected a quarter-section (160 acres) where he pleased. There was also set apart a tract of 480,000 acres in the southern portion as pasture for the use of the Indians. Then school lands, mineral lands, a forest reserve in the mountains, and town sites were taken

out. There were left about 13,000 quarter-sections for white settlement, most of it upland, for the Indians had shrewdly taken nearly all the land along the streams.

For this the throng came. El Reno, a prosperous little town on the edge of the reservation, was the Mecca. In a day it became a city. Twenty thousand people came in a night. Mingled on the congested streets were the free and easy recklessness of the Westerner and the up-to-dateness of the East. Men came expecting to see cowboys riding along the streets shooting out the lights of the saloons. They were disappointed. Cowboys were there, but the shirt-waist-garbed visitors from the East did not recognize them. Not a gun was in sight. Cowboy hats and fringed trousers did not appear. There was no dancing platform and no dance-hall. Throngs of orderly, dusty, tired citizens, sitting on the depot platform waiting for a chance to take a train home, do not offer much dramatic possibility.

Women took their chance with the men. They came, too, from all over the Nation, and were very sincere in their effort. Some had been out on the reservation, and knew what they wanted. Most of them were ignorant of the possibilities.

"I am going to start a sheep ranch on my claim, if I get one," said a young woman from New York State. "There is lots of pasture."

"But would you live alone out on a ranch?"

"Certainly; there is nothing to be afraid of. I'd hire help, and soon would have a bank account; then I'd go back East."

Old and young, married and single, widows and maidens, came—what some of them could do with a farm out on the prairies is hard to understand. But they took their chance. They slept in cots under tents that had no sides; they took naps in chairs on the sidewalks; they spent the night upon the grass of the parkings, glad to find a place to rest. They were treated with consideration; they were first to get on the crowded trains; they found, even in the newest of the new lands, a true American courtesy.

The one dramatic feature was the drawing. On a bright July morning, with the temperature around the hundred-degree mark, the waiting throng gathered. When

the hour of the drawing arrived, the officials, with the accompanying witnesses and newspaper men, faced as remarkable an assemblage as the prairies ever witnessed. Massed upon a sloping hillside, standing shoulder to shoulder, were people from every section of the Nation. Women, thousands of them, were in the eager throng. Before the big boxes of tickets and the ten beardless boys who were to draw the names were three times as many applicants as there were farms to be given away. But they were, for the most part, well dressed, sturdy, and able to endure without a prize. On the edges of the crowd was a fringe of prairie schooners bearing the men and women who had made the greatest sacrifice to enter the lists. To them, or some of them, the drawing meant everything. Brooding over the mighty gathering was a spirit of tense nervousness that affected even the members of the Commission, and the officer's hand trembled when he lifted up to view the first bits of paper by which Fate distributed fortune to her favorites.

And then came the disappointment, the fading away of the crowds, the long list of 13,000 names who won, and the certainty for 154,000 that they had nothing to show for their effort.

A struggling clerk drew the prize claim; a telephone girl the second choice. The first took the quarter-section adjoining Lawton, the coming chief town of the reservation. The son-in-law of the great chief, Quanah Parker, of the Comanches, had his eye on this quarter-section, the only direction in which the town can grow. But he made a mistake and selected his allotment one mile away, leaving a prize for the winner of No. 1.

The struggle for positions in the towns was not less eager. The Government laid out three county seats, platted the land, and sold the lots at auction—one business lot and one residence being the maximum to one person. The sales were for cash, and the money went into the town treasury to equip the new city with schools, sidewalks, etc. Lawton, at the edge of the Fort Sill Reservation, was in one day transformed from open prairie to a city of ten thousand people, all living in tents. Then, when the auction had taken place, the town site became alive with the varied

industry of a metropolis, including everything from a bank to several daily newspapers. Stores, selling everything that the newcomer could wish, were in operation; lawyers and doctors had opened offices; political parties to seek the control of the town government were organized. Most of those entering into the vigorous, pushing life of these new municipalities are from other towns of the West. The new town on the prairies is a thing of action. It brings out the best—and worst—of men's character. It is free, frank, unselfish. Into such towns stampeded the young men, for there they find themselves kings. So the new towns of the reservation—scores of others besides the county seats starting along the rapidly built railway lines—will be the headquarters of the surplus of young men in the Western States. They will furnish another outlet for enterprise, just as did the openings of 1889 and 1893. The success that they have made in the old Oklahoma will be reproduced in kind on this later addition to the municipal life of the prairies.

The net result of this opening of new lands to which attention has been so eagerly directed is a matter of speculation. There is much of the new country that is unfit for farming. It is upland, unwatered, and subject to drought. All of the reservation is west of the meridian of Wichita, and is in the longitude of western Kansas and western Nebraska. The Indians have taken the best of the land and will lease it to their white neighbors. The Indian does not want to work and he will not do so unless compelled. Thousands who were awarded chances in the filing will fail to take claims. Those with numbers above two thousand will have only a chance at a good farm. At the end of sixty days the whole reservation will be thrown open to settlement, and then the homeseeker will have his innings.

"I have been waiting on the edge of the reservation for three months," said a thin-faced man in a prairie schooner to me. "I have a list of fifty good quarters, and if I draw a number I will have a show to file on one of them. If I don't, I will wait and take what is left."

This means that when the sixty days have gone by there will be a family on

every quarter-section open to settlement—and only one. The towns will have places on the map, and one at least, Lawton, will be known as a city. There will be altogether a community of one hundred thousand people where a few weeks ago was open plain. There can be raised no crops for a year. In the meanwhile there must be sustenance for the families that occupy the land. It means struggle and hardship—but that has been the portion of the settler throughout the development of the West. To the man in the prairie schooner it is no new thing. It has come to him in Kansas and Nebraska and in old Oklahoma. Always and forever the prairie schooners are drifting here and there on the prairie. In them families live from one year to the next. They are never at rest and are always seeking a home. The thousands that have gone into Oklahoma will not all remain there. They will move on, taking their course toward western Kansas and other sections of the country where the settlement is light. The new lands have been a temporary Mecca, but that function is at an end.

Whether the Government did right or wrong in giving out the lands by a lottery depends on the point of view. To the homeseeker it was unfair, for he saw those who had no such claim as he, and were only speculators, having the same chance as himself. Yet, in comparison with the struggle and litigation that followed the race for homes of earlier openings, this had many good points and features, and the result will thus be justified. It is a curious circumstance that not in years has there been seen such a variety of gambling games, nor such a collection of slot machines and other devices for trials of fortune, as were gathered at El Reno during the registration, and later at Lawton while waiting for the lot sales. Hundreds of canvas booths contained dice and card games, and were crowded by the hard-working men who had come to list their names for the Government's lottery. Every bar-room had a dozen faro and dice tables, all crowded. Slot machines took in hundreds of dollars every day for their owners. There seemed to be abroad a gambling fever that possessed the partakers in the greater gamble, and made them turn to lesser devices with less compunction than under ordinary conditions.

Did the act of the Government in making of the land distribution what was to all intents a lottery exert an influence upon the people and lead them to surrender more easily to the attractions of baser forms of gambling? It was a common cry of the gambler:

"Come right over here and take a chance! It is better than the Government's lottery, for there you stand only one chance in thirteen—here it is one chance in ten! You'll have to hurry if you want to get in—let 'er roll!"

Certain it is that this part of the West saw more gambling during the few weeks of the opening and attendant operations than in the past twenty years.

Oklahoma has harvested this year another large wheat crop. It approached twenty million bushels. On the farms of the older settled section are seen groups of stacks, and the smoke of the thrasher rises from every quarter. The elevators in the little stations are unable to handle all the yellow grain that comes to them. It is a year of prosperity. The corn is light, but the cotton promises well and there is contentment in the land. The addition of this new section, settled by progressive people, means much. It makes the Territory nearer a State, and places it in a position where it can demand recognition from Congress. In the towns are seen new roofs. The taxable valuation increased about fifteen million dollars in the past year. Railroads are being built, not only into the new land, but through the less occupied portions of the older settled territory. Immigration has added fully one hundred thousand to the population in the past year. The new comers are men with money. They have bought out the farms made attractive by the old settlers. The latter will move on to the western counties and there buy cheap lands, again to settle and improve.

Movements looking toward the union of the Indian Territory and Oklahoma in single Statehood have as yet come to no definite end. The needs and abilities of each Territory lead many to believe that there is material for two States, and that as such they should be admitted. The indications are that Oklahoma will have but a short time to wait. Whether she will take with her the rich section to the east remains to be seen.

This last opening of Uncle Sam's lands was far from spectacular. The class of people, the matter-of-fact methods, and the decorum with which all was conducted savored more of the market-place than of the bargain-counter or the race-course. It was a serious proceeding. The Government told the people they could go on the land and look at it—but that took away the desire, and few went. No soldiers were needed, because there were no orders to be fulfilled.

It is probable that this is the last great opening of Government land within the present boundaries of the United States. It has been generally understood that some day the vast, rich acres of the Indian Territory would be given to the homesteader, but the chance is fast passing away. It now seems unlikely that there will be any considerable portion of it thrown open to settlement. Under the provisions of the recent laws, modified by the Atoka agreement in the matter of the Chickasaw and Choctaw lands, and the Seminole and Creek treaties in regard to those tribes, practically all of the lands will go to the members of the tribes in severalty. Of course they will some day be open to sale. For instance, the allotted lands in the reservation just opened may be sold by the Indians after twenty-five years, and much of the Creek country is open to purchase. The homesteader is, however, restricted to scattered claims in the less desirable portions of the West. Millions of acres are open to him in various parts of the West, some of it better than parts of the new Indian lands. With irrigation and proper selection of crops it can be made to blossom as the rose. As the condition is understood better, this land will be sought and much of it will be settled.

Some one has called Oklahoma "the Homestead State." It is an apt title, for over all its fertile acres are settled the men and women to whom the government has been so generous as to make free gifts of valuable lands, asking only bona-fide settlement. These lands are growing richer with each passing year, and there is developing under the most favorable conditions a commonwealth that promises to be one of the most thrifty and glorious in all the Nation's domain.

Abilene, Kansas.

The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter IX.—A Sabbath Day's Work

THE Sabbath that followed the sugaring-off was to Maimie the most remarkable Sabbath of her life up to that day. It was totally unlike the Sabbath of her home, which, after the formal "church parade," as Harry called it, in the morning, her father spent in lounging with his magazine and pipe, her aunt in sleeping or in social gossip with such friends as might drop in, and Harry and Maimie as best they could.

The Sabbath in the minister's house, as in the homes of his people, was a day so set apart from other days that it had to be approached. The Saturday afternoon and evening caught something of its atmosphere. No frivolity, indeed no light amusement, was proper on the evening that put a period to the worldly occupations and engagements of the week. That evening was one of preparation. The house, and especially the kitchen, was thoroughly "redd up." Wood, water, and kindlings were brought in, clothes were brushed, boots greased or polished, dinner prepared, and in every way possible the whole house, its dwellers and its belongings, made ready for the morrow. So, when the Sabbath morning dawned, people awoke with a feeling that old things had passed away and that the whole world was new. The sun shone with a radiance not known on other days. He was shining upon holy things, and lighting men and women to holy duties. Through all the farms the fields lay bathed in his genial glow, at rest, and the very trees stood in silent worship of the bending heavens. Up from stable and from kitchen came no sounds of work. The horses knew that no wheel would turn that day in labor, and the dogs lay sleeping in

sunny nooks, knowing as well as any that there was to be no hunting or roaming for them that day, unless they chose to go on a free hunt; which none but light-headed puppies or dissipated and reprobate dogs would care to do.

Over all things rest brooded, and out of the rest grew holy thoughts and hopes. It was a day of beginnings. For the past, broken and stained, there was a new offer of oblivion and healing, and the heart was summoned to look forward to new life and to hope for better things, and to drink in all those soothing, healing influences that memory and faith combine to give, so that when the day was done weary and discouraged men and women began to feel that perhaps after all they might be able to endure and even to hope for victory.

The minister rose earlier on Sabbath than on other days, the responsibility of his office pressing hard upon him. Breakfast was more silent than usual, ordinary subjects of conversation being discouraged. The minister was preoccupied and impatient of any interruption of his thoughts. But his wife came to the table with a sweeter serenity than usual, and a calm upon her face that told of hidden strength. Even Maimie could notice the difference, but she could only wonder. The secret of it was hidden from her. Her aunt was like no other woman that she knew, and there were many things about her too deep for Maimie's understanding.

After worship, which was brief but solemn and intense, Lambert hurried to bring round to the front the big black horse, hitched up in the "carryall," and they all made speed to pack themselves in, Maimie and her aunt in front, and Hughie on the floor behind with his legs under the seat; for when once the min-

ister was himself quite ready, and had got his great meerschaum pipe going, it was unsafe for any one to delay him a single instant.

The drive to the church was an experience hardly in keeping with the spirit of the day. It was more exciting than restful. "Black" was a horse with a single aim, which was to devour the space that stretched out before him, with a fine disregard of consequence. The first part of the road up to the church hill and down again to the swamp was to Black, as to the others, an unmixed joy, for he was fresh from his oats and eager to go, and his driver was as eager to let him have his will.

But when the swamp was reached, and the buggy began to leap from log to log of the corduroy, Black began to chafe in impatience of the rein which commanded caution. Indeed, the passage of the swamp was always more or less of an adventure, the result of which no one could foretell, and it took all Mrs. Murray's steadiness of nerve to repress an exclamation of terror at critical moments. The corduroy was Black's abomination. He longed to dash through and be done with it; but, however much the minister sympathized with Black's desire, prudence forbade that his method should be adopted. So from log to log, and from hole to hole, Black plunged and stepped with all the care he could be persuaded to exercise, every lurch of the "carryall" bringing a scream from Maimie in front and a delighted chuckle from Hughie behind. His delight in the adventure was materially increased by his cousin's terror.

But once the swamp was crossed and Black found himself on the firm road that wound over the sand-hills and through the open pine woods, he tossed his great mane back from his eyes, and, getting his head, set off at a pace that foreboded disaster to anything trying to keep before him, and in a short time drew up at the church gates, his flanks steaming and his great chest white with foam.

"My!" said Maimie, when she had recovered her breath sufficiently to speak, "is that the church?" She pointed to a huge wooden building about whose door a group of men were standing.

"Huh-huh, that's it," said Hughie,

"but we will soon be done with the ugly old thing."

The most enthusiastic member of the congregation could scarcely call the old church beautiful, and to Maimie's eyes it was positively hideous. No steeple or tower gave any hint of its sacred character. Its weather-beaten clapboard exterior, spotted with black knots as if stricken with some disfiguring disease, had nothing but its row of uncurtained windows to distinguish it from an ordinary barn.

They entered by the door at the end of the church, and proceeded down the long aisle that ran the full length of the building, till they came to a cross aisle that led them to the minister's pew at the left side of the pulpit, and commanding a view of the whole congregation. The main body of the church was seated with long box pews with hinged doors. But the gallery that ran round three sides was fitted with simple benches. Immediately in front of the pulpit was a square pew which was set apart for the use of the elders, and close up to the pulpit, and indeed as part of this structure, was a precentor's desk. The pulpit was, to Maimie's eyes, a wonder. It was an octagonal box placed high on one side of the church on a level with the gallery, and reached by a spiral staircase. Above it hung the highly ornate and altogether extraordinary "sounding-board" and "canopy." There was no sign of paint anywhere, but the yellow pine, of which seats, gallery, and pulpit were all made, had deepened with age into a rich brown, not unpleasant to the eye.

The church was full, for the Indian Lands people believed in going to church, and there was not a house for many miles around but was represented in the church that day. There they sat, row upon row of men, brawny and brown with wind and sun, a notable company, worthy of their ancestry and worthy of their heritage. Beside them sat their wives, brown, too, and weather-beaten, but strong, deep-bosomed, and with faces of calm content, worthy to be mothers of their husbands' sons. The girls and younger children sat with their parents, modest, shy, and reverent, but the young men, for the most part, filled the back seats under the gallery. And a hardy lot they were, as brown and brawny as their fathers, but

tingling with life to their finger-tips, ready for anything and impossible of control except by one whom they feared as well as revered. And such a man was Alexander Murray, for they knew well that, lithe and brawny as they were, there was not a man of them but he could fling out of the door and over the fence if he so wished, and they knew, too, that he would be prompt to do it if occasion arose. Hence they waited for the word of God with all due reverence and fear.

In the square pew in front of the pulpit sat the elders, hoary, massive, and venerable. The Indian Lands Session were worth seeing. Great men they were, every one of them, excepting, perhaps, Kenneth Campbell, "Kenny Crubach," as he was called, from his halting step. Kenny was neither hoary nor massive nor venerable. He was a short, grizzled man with snapping black eyes and a tongue for clever, biting speech; and while he bore a stainless character, no one thought of him as an eminently godly man. In public prayer he never attained any great length, nor did he employ that tone of unction deemed suitable in this sacred exercise. He seldom "spoke the question," but when he did people leaned forward to listen, and more especially the rows of the careless and ungodly under the gallery. Kenny had not the look of an elder, and, indeed, many wondered how he had ever come to be chosen for the office. But the others all had the look of elders, and carried with them the full respect and affection of the congregation. Even the young men under the gallery regarded them with reverence for their godly character, but for other things as well; for these old men had been famous in their day, and tales were still told about the firesides of the people of their prowess in the woods and on the river.

There was, for instance, Finlay McEwen, or McKeowen, as they all pronounced it in that country, who, for a wager, had carried a four-hundred-pound barrel upon each hip across the long bridge over the Scotch River. And next him sat Donald Ross, whose very face, with its halo of white hair, bore benediction with it wherever he went. What a man he must have been in his day! Six feet four inches he stood in his stocking

soles, and with "a back like a barn door," as his son Danny, or "Curly," now in the shanty with Macdonald Bhain, used to say in affectionate pride. Then there was Farquhar McNaughton, big, kindly, and good-natured, a mighty man with the ax in his time. "Kirsty's Farquhar" they called him for obvious reasons. And a good thing for Farquhar it was that he had had Kirsty at his side during these years to make his bargains for him and to keep him and all others to them, else he would never have become the substantial man he was.

Next to Farquhar was Peter McRae, the chief of a large clan of respectable, and none too respectable, families, whom all alike held in fear, for Peter ruled with a rod of iron, and his word ran as law throughout the clan. Then there was Ian More Macgregor, or "Big John Macgregor," as the younger generation called him, almost as big as Donald Ross and quite as kindly, but with a darker, sadder face. Something from his wilder youth had cast its shadow over his life. No one but his minister and two others knew that story, but the old man knew it himself, and that was enough. One of those who shared his secret was his neighbor and crony, Donald Ross, and it was worth a journey of some length to see these two great old men, one with the sad and the other with the sunny face, stride off together, staff in hand, at the close of the Gaelic service, to Donald's home, where the afternoon would be spent in discourse fitting the Lord's Day and in prayer.

The only other elder was Roderick McCusag, who sat, not in the elders' pew, but in the precentor's box, for he was the Leader of Psalmody. "Straight Rory," as he was called by the irreverent, was tall, spare, and straight as a ramrod. He was devoted to his office, jealous of its dignity, and strenuous in his opposition to all innovations in connection with the Service of Praise. He was especially opposed to the introduction of those "new-fangled ranting" tunes which were being taught the young people by John "Alec" Fraser in the weekly singing-school in the Nineteenth, and which were sung at Mrs. Murray's Sabbath evening Bible Class in the Little Church. Straight Rory had been educated for a teacher in Scotland, and was something of a scholar.

He loved school examinations, where he was the terror of pupils and teachers alike. His acute mind reveled in the metaphysics of theology, which made him the dread of all candidates who appeared before the session desiring "to come forward." It was to many an impressive sight to see Straight Rory rise in the precentor's box, feel round, with much facial contortion, for the pitch—he despised a tuning-fork—and then, straightening himself up till he bent over backwards, raise the chant that introduced the tune to the congregation. But to the young men under the gallery he was more humorous than impressive, and it is to be feared that they waited for the precentor's weekly performance with a delighted expectation that never flagged and that was never disappointed. It was only the flash of the minister's blue eye that held their faces rigid in preternatural solemnity, and forced them to content themselves with winks and nudges for the expression of their delight.

As Maimie's eye went wandering shyly over the rows of brown faces that turned in solemn and steadfast regard to the minister's pew, Hughie nudged her and whispered:

"There's Don. See, in the back seat by the window, next to Peter Ruagh yonder; the red-headed fellow."

He pointed to Peter McRae, grandson of "Peter the Elder." There was no mistaking that landmark.

"Look," cried Hughie, eagerly, pointing with terrible directness straight at Don, to Maimie's confusion.

"Whisht, Hughie," said his mother, softly.

"There's Ranald, mother," said the diplomatic Hughie, knowing well that his mother would rejoice to hear that bit of news. "See, mother, just in front of Don, there."

Again Hughie's terrible finger pointed straight into the face of the gazing congregation.

"Hush, Hughie," said his mother, severely.

Maimie knew a hundred eyes were looking straight at the minister's pew, but for the life of her she could not prevent her eye following the pointing finger, till it found the steady gaze of Ranald fastened upon her. It was only for a moment, but

in that moment she felt her heart jump and her face grow hot, and it did not help her that she knew that the people were all wondering at her furious blushes. Of course the story of the sugaring-off had gone the length of the land and had formed the subject of conversation at the church door that morning, where Ranald had to bear a good deal of chaff about "the young lady" and her dislike of "forfeits," till he was ready to fight if a chance should but offer. With unspeakable rage and confusion, he noticed Hughie's pointing finger. He caught, too, Maimie's quick look, with the vivid blush that followed. Unfortunately, others besides himself had noticed this, and Don and Peter Ruagh, in the seat behind him, made it the subject of congratulatory remarks to Ranald.

At this point the minister rose in the pulpit, and all waited with earnest and reverent mien for the announcing of the psalm.

The Rev. Alexander Murray was a man to be regarded in any company and under any circumstances, but when he stood up in his pulpit and faced his congregation he was truly superb. He was above the average height, of faultless form and bearing, athletic, active, and with a "spring in every muscle." He had coal-black hair and beard, and a flashing blue eye that held his people in utter subjection and put the fear of death upon evil-doers under the gallery. In every movement, tone, and glance there breathed imperial command.

"Let us worship God by singing to His praise in the one hundred and twenty-first psalm:

'I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.'

His voice rang out over the congregation like a silver bell, and Maimie thought she had never seen a man of such noble presence.

After the reading of the psalm the minister sat down, and Straight Rory rose in his box, and, after his manner, began feeling about for the first note of the chant that would introduce the noble old tune "St. Paul's." A few moments he spent twisting his face and shoulders in a manner that threatened to ruin the solemnity of the worshipers under the gallery, till finally he seemed to hit upon the pitch

desired, and, throwing back his head and closing one eye, he proceeded on his way. Each line he chanted alone, after the ancient Scottish custom, and then led the congregation in the psalm in the following manner:

the pulpit, their quiet old faces looking so sweet and pure under their snow-white "mutches." There they sat and sang and quavered, swaying their bodies with the tune in an ecstasy of restful joy.

Maimie had often heard St. Paul's

ST. PAUL'S.

PRECENTOR. CONGREGATION.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, I..... to.....

the..... hills..... will..... lift..... mine.... eyes;

PRECENTOR. CONGREGATION.

From whence doth come... mine aid, .From..... whence.... doth....

come.. mine..... aid..... My safe - ty com - eth from the Lord.

CONGREGATION.

My..... safe - ty..... com - eth from..... the... Lord,

PRECENTOR. CONGREGATION.

Who heav'n and earth hath made. Who heav'n and.. earth.. hath.... made.

There was no haste to be done with the psalm. Why should there be? They had only one Sabbath in the week, and the whole day was before them. The people surrendered themselves to the lead of Straight Rory with unmistakable delight in that part of "the exercises" of the day in which they were permitted audibly to join. But, of all the congregation, none enjoyed the singing more than the dear old women who sat in the front seats near

before, but never as it was chanted by Straight Rory and sung by the Indian Lands congregation that day. The extraordinary slides and slurs almost obliterated the notes of the original tune, and the "little kick," as Maimie called it, at the end of the second line gave her a little start.

"Auntie," she whispered, "isn't it awfully queer?"

"Isn't it beautiful?" her aunt answered, with an uncertain smile. She was remem-

bering how these winding, sliding, slurring old tunes had affected her when first she heard them in her husband's church years ago. The stately movement, the weird quavers, and the pathetic cadences had in some mysterious way reached the deep places in her heart, and, before she knew, she had found the tears coursing down her cheeks and her breath catching in sobs. Indeed, as she listened to-day, remembering these old impressions, the tears began to flow, till Hughie, not understanding, crept over to his mother, and, to comfort her, slipped his hand into hers, looking fiercely at Maimie as if she were to blame. Maimie, too, noticed the tears and sat wondering, and as the congregation swung on through the verses of the grand old psalm there crept into her heart a new and deeper emotion than she had ever known.

"Listen to the words, Maimie dear," whispered her aunt. And as Maimie listened, the noble words, borne on the mighty swing of St. Paul's, lifted up by six hundred voices—for men, women, and children were singing with all their hearts—awakened echoes from great depths within her as yet unsounded. The days for such singing are, alas! long gone. The noble rhythm, the stately movement, the continuous curving stream of melody, that once marked the praise service of the old Scottish Church have given place to the light, staccato tinkle of the revival chorus, or the shorn and mutilated skeleton of the ancient psalm tune.

But while the psalm had been moving on in its solemn and stately way, Ranald had been enduring agony at the hands of Peter Ruagh sitting just behind him. Peter, whose huge, clumsy body was a fitting tabernacle for the soul within, labored under the impression that he was a humorist, and indulged a habit of ponderous joking, trying enough to most people, but to one of Ranald's temperament exasperating to a high degree. His theme was Ranald's rescue of Maimie, and the pauses of the singing he filled in with humorous comments that, outside, would have produced only weariness, but in the church, owing to the strange perversity of human nature, sent a snicker along the seat. Unfortunately for him, Ranald's face was so turned that he could not see it, and so he had no hint of the

wrath that was steadily boiling up to the point of overflow.

They were nearing the close of the last verse of the psalm, when Hughie, whose eyes never wandered long from Ranald's direction, uttered a sharp "Oh, my!" There was a shuffling confusion under the gallery, and when Maimie and her aunt looked, Peter Ruagh's place was vacant.

By this time the minister was standing up for the prayer. His eye, too, caught the movement in the back seat.

"Young men," he said sternly, "remember you are in God's house. Let me not have to mention your names before the congregation. Let us pray."

As the congregation rose for prayer, Mrs. Murray noticed Peter Ruagh appear from beneath the book-board and quietly slip out by the back door with his hand to his face and the blood streaming between his fingers; and though Ranald was standing up straight and stiff in his place, Mrs. Murray could read from his rigid look the explanation of Peter's bloody face. She gave her mind to the prayer with a sore heart, for she had learned enough of those wild, hot-headed youths to know that before Peter Ruagh's face would be healed more blood would have to flow.

The prayer proceeded in its leisurely way, indulging here and there in quiet reverie, or in exultant jubilation over the "attributes," embracing in its world-wide sweep "the interests of the Kingdom" far and near, and of that part of humanity included therein present and to come, and buttressing its petitions with theological argument, systematic and unassailable. Before the close, however, the minister came to deal with the needs of his own people. Old and young, absent and present, the sick, the weary, the sin-burdened—all were remembered with a warmth of sympathy, with a directness of petition, and with an earnestness of appeal that thrilled and subdued the hearts of all, and made even the boys, who had borne with difficulty the last half-hour of the "long prayer," forget their weariness.

The reading of Scripture followed the prayer. In this the minister excelled. His fine voice and his dramatic instinct combined to make this an impressive and beautiful portion of the service. But

to-day much of the beauty and impressiveness of the reading was lost by the frequent interruptions caused by the entrance of late comers, of whom, owing to the bad roads, there were a larger number than usual. The minister was evidently annoyed, not so much by the opening and shutting of the door as by the inattention of his hearers, who kept turning round their heads to see who the new arrivals were. At length the minister could bear it no longer.

"My dear people," he said, pausing in the reading, "never mind those coming in. Give you heed to the reading of God's Word, and if you must know who are entering, I will tell you. Yes," he added, deliberately, "give you heed to me, and I will let you know who these late comers are."

With that startling declaration, he proceeded with the reading, but had not gone more than a few verses when "click" went the door-latch. Not a head turned. It was Malcolm Monroe, slow-going and good-natured, with his quiet little wife following him. The minister paused, looking toward the door, and announced:

"My dear people, here comes our friend Malcolm Monroe, and his good wife with him, and a long walk they have had. Come away, Malcolm; come away; we will just wait for you."

Malcolm's face was a picture. Surprise, astonishment, and confusion followed each other across his stolid countenance; and, with quicker pace than he was ever known to use in his life before, he made his way to his seat. No sooner had the reading begun again when once more the door clicked. True to his promise, the minister paused and cheerfully announced to his people:

"This, my friends, is John Campbell, whom you all know as 'Johnnie Sarah,' and we are very glad to see him, for, indeed, he has not been here for some time. Come away, John; come away, man," he added, impatiently, "for we are all waiting for you."

Johnnie Sarah stood paralyzed with amazement and seemed uncertain whether to advance or to turn and flee. The minister's impatient command, however, decided him, and he dropped into the nearest seat with all speed, and gazed

about him as if to discover where he was. He had no sooner taken his seat than the door opened again, and some half-dozen people entered. The minister stood looking at them for some moments and then said, in a voice of resignation:

"Friends, these are some of our people from the Island, and there are some strangers with them. But if you want to know who they are, you will just have to look at them yourselves, for I must get on with the reading."

Needless to say, not a soul of the congregation, however consumed with curiosity, dared to look around, and the reading of the chapter went gravely on to the close.

To say that Maimie sat in utter astonishment during this extraordinary proceeding would give but a faint idea of her state of mind. Even Mrs. Murray herself, who had become accustomed to her husband's eccentricities, sat in a state of utter bewilderment, not knowing what might happen next; nor did she feel quite safe until the text was announced and the sermon fairly begun.

Important as were the exercises of Reading, Praise, and Prayer, they were only the "Opening Services," and merely led up to the event of the day, which was the Sermon. And it was the event, not only of the day, but of the week. It would form the theme of conversation and afford food for discussion in every gathering of the people until another came to take its place. To-day it lasted a full hour and a half, and was an extraordinary production. Calm, deliberate reasoning, flights of vivid imagination, passionate denunciation, and fervid appeal, marked its course. Its subject was the great doctrine of Justification by Faith, and it contained a complete system of theology arranged with reference to that doctrine. Ancient heresies were attacked and exposed with a completeness amounting to annihilation. Modern errors, into which our "friends" of the different denominations had fallen, were deplored and corrected, and all possible misapplications of the doctrine to practical life guarded against. On the positive side the need, the ground, the means, the method, the agent, the results, of Justification were fully set forth and illustrated. There were no anecdotes and no poetry. The subject was much too massive and

tremendous to permit of any such trifling. As the sermon rolled on its majestic course, the congregation listened with an attentive and discriminating appreciation that testified to their earnestness and intelligence. True, one here and there dropped into a momentary doze, but his slumber was never easy, for he was harassed by the terrible fear of a sudden summons by name from the pulpit to "awake and give heed to the message," which for the next few minutes would have an application so personal and pungent that it would effectually prevent sleep for that and some successive Sabbaths. The only apparent lapse of attention occurred when Donald Ross opened his horn snuff-box, and, after tapping solemnly upon its lid, drew forth a huge pinch of snuff and passed it to his neighbor, who, after helping himself in like manner, passed the box on. That the lapse was only apparent was made evident by the air of abstraction with which this operation was carried on, the snuff being held between the thumb and forefinger for some moments, until a suitable resting-place in the sermon was reached.

When the minister had arrived at the middle of the second head, he made the discovery, as was not infrequently the case, that the remotest limits of the allotted time had been passed, and, announcing that the subject would be concluded on the following Sabbath, he summarily brought the English service to a close and dismissed the congregation with a brief prayer, two verses of a psalm, and the benediction.

When Maimie realized that the service was really over, she felt as if she had been in church for a week. After the benediction the congregation passed out into the churchyard and disposed themselves in groups about the gate and along the fences discussing the sermon and making brief inquiries as to the "weal and ill" of the members of their families. Mrs. Murray, leaving Hughie and Maimie to wander at will, passed from group to group, welcomed by all with equal respect and affection. Young men and old men, women and girls alike, were glad to get her word. To-day, however, the young men were not at first to be seen, but Mrs. Murray knew them well enough to suspect that they would be found at the back of the church, so

she passed slowly around the church, greeting the people as she went, and upon turning the corner she saw a crowd under the big maple, the rendezvous for the younger portion of the congregation before "church went in." In the center of the group stood Ranald and Don, with Murdie, Don's eldest brother, a huge, good-natured man, beside them; and Peter Ruagh, with his cousin Aleck, and others of the clan. Ranald was standing, pale and silent, with his head thrown back, as his manner was when in passion. The talk was mainly between Aleck and Murdie, the others crowding eagerly about and putting in a word as they could. Murdie was reasoning good-humoredly, Aleck replying fiercely.

"It was good enough for him," Mrs. Murray heard Don interject in a triumphant tone to Murdie. But Murdie shut him off sternly.

"Whisht, Don, you are not talking just now."

Don was about to reply when he caught sight of Mrs. Murray. "Here's the minister's wife," he said in a low tone, and at once the group parted in shamefaced confusion. But Murdie kept his face unmoved, and, as Mrs. Murray drew slowly near, said, in a quiet voice of easy good humor, to Aleck, who was standing with a face like that of a detected criminal:

"Well, we will see about it to-morrow night, Aleck, at the post-office," and he faced about to meet Mrs. Murray with an easy smile, while Aleck turned away. But Mrs. Murray was not deceived, and she went straight to the point.

"Murdie," she said quietly, when she had answered his greeting, "will you just come with me a little; I want to ask you about something." And Murdie walked away with her, followed by the winks and nods of the others.

What she said Murdie never told, but he came back to them more determined upon peace than ever. The difficulty lay, not with the good-natured Peter, who was ready enough to settle with Ranald, but with the fiery Aleck, who represented the non-respectable section of the clan McRae, who lived south of the Sixteenth, and had a reputation for wildness. Fighting was their glory, and no one cared to enter upon a feud with any one of them.

Murdie had interfered on Ranald's behalf, chiefly because he was Don's friend, but also because he was unwilling that Ranald should be involved in a quarrel with the McRaes, which he knew would be a serious affair for him. But now his strongest reason for desiring peace was that he had pledged himself to the minister's wife to bring it about in some way or other. So he took Peter off by himself, and, without much difficulty, persuaded him to act the magnanimous part and drop the quarrel.

With Ranald he had a harder task. That young man was prepared to see his quarrel through at whatever consequences to himself. He knew the McRaes, and knew well their reputation, but that only made it more impossible for him to retreat. But Murdie knew better than to argue with him, so he turned away from him with an indifferent air, saying:

"Oh, very well. Peter is willing to let it drop. You can do as you please, only I know the minister's wife expects you to make it up."

"What did she say to you, then?" asked Ranald, fiercely.

"She said a number of things that you don't need to know, but she said this, whatever, 'He will make it up for my sake, I know.'"

Ranald stood a moment silent, then said suddenly, "I will, too," and, walking straight over to Peter, he offered his hand, saying, "I was too quick, Peter, and I am willing to take as much as I gave. You can go on."

But Peter was far too soft-hearted to accept that invitation, and, seizing Ranald's hand, said, heartily:

"Never mind, Ranald, it was my own fault. We will just say nothing more about it."

"There is the singing, boys," said Murdie. "Come away. Let us go in."

He was all the more anxious to get the boys into the church when he saw Aleck making toward them. He hurried Peter in before him, well pleased with himself and his success as peacemaker, but especially delighted that he could now turn his face toward the minister's pew without shame. And as he took his place in the back seat with Peter Ruagh beside him, the glance of pride and gratitude that flashed across the congregation to him

from the gray brown eyes made Murdie feel more than ever pleased at what he had been able to do. But he was somewhat disturbed to notice that neither Ranald nor Don nor Aleck had followed him into the church, and he waited uneasily for their coming.

In the meantime Straight Rory was winding his sinuous way through Coles-hill, the Gaelic rhythm of the psalm allowing of quavers and turns impossible in the English.

In the pause following the second verse, Murdie was startled at the sound of angry voices from without. More than Murdie heard that sound. As Murdie glanced toward the pulpit he saw that the minister had risen and was listening intently.

"Behold—the-sparrow—findeth—out"—chanted the precentor.

"You are a liar!" The words, in Aleck's fiery voice outside, fell distinctly upon Murdie's ear, though few in the congregation seemed to have heard. But while Murdie was making up his mind to slip out, the minister was before him. Quickly he stepped down the pulpit stairs, psalm-book in hand, and, singing as he went, walked quietly to the back door, and, leaving his book on the window-sill, passed out. The singing went calmly on, for the congregation were never surprised at anything their minister did.

The next verse was nearly through, when the door opened, and in came Don, followed by Aleck, looking somewhat disheveled and shaken up, and two or three more. In a few moments the minister came in, took his psalm-book from the window-sill, and, striking up with the congregation, "Blest is the man whose strength thou art," marched up to the pulpit again, with only an added flash in his blue eyes and a little more triumphant swing to his coat-tails to indicate that anything had taken place. But Murdie looked in vain for Ranald to appear, and waited, uncertain what to do. He had a wholesome fear of the minister, more especially in his present mood. Instinctively he turned toward the minister's pew, and, reading the look of anxious entreaty from the pale face there, he waited till the congregation rose for prayer and then slipped out, and was seen no more in church that day.

On the way home not a word was said about the disturbance. But after the evening worship, when the minister had gone to his study for a smoke, Hughie, who had heard the whole story from Don, told it to his mother and Maimie in his most graphic manner.

"It was not Ranald's fault, mother," he declared. "You know Peter would not let him alone, and Ranald hit him in the nose, and served him right, too. But they made it all up, and they were just going into the church again, when that Aleck McRae pulled Ranald back, and Ranald did not want to fight at all, but he called Ranald a liar, and he could not help it, but just hit him."

"Who hit who?" said Maimie. "You're not making it very clear, Hughie."

"Why, Ranald, of course, hit Aleck, and knocked him over, too," said Hughie, with much satisfaction; "and then Aleck—he is an awful fighter, you know—jumped on Ranald and was pounding him just awful, the great big brute, when out came papa. He stepped up and caught Aleck by the neck and shook him just like a baby, saying, all the time, 'Would ye? I will teach you to fight on the Sabbath day! Here! in with you, every one of you,' and he threw him nearly into the door, and then they all skedaddled into the church, I tell you, Don said. They were pretty badly scart, too. But Don did not know what papa did to Ranald, and he did not know where Ranald went, but he is pretty badly hurted, I am sure. That great big Aleck McRae is old enough to be his father. Wasn't it mean of him, mother?"

Poor Hughie was almost in tears, and his mother, who sat listening too eagerly to correct her little boy's ethics or grammar, was as nearly overcome as he. She wished she knew where Ranald was. He had not appeared at the evening Bible Class, and Murdie had reported that he could not find him anywhere.

She put Hughie to bed, and then saw Maimie to her room. But Maimie was very unwilling to go to bed.

"Oh, auntie," she whispered, as her aunt kissed her good-night, "I cannot go to sleep!" And then, after a pause, she said shyly, "Do you think he is badly hurt?"

Then the minister's wife, looking keenly

into the girl's face, made light of Ranald's misfortune.

"Oh, he will be all right," she said, "as far as his hurt is concerned. That is the least part of his trouble. You need not worry about that. Good-night, my dear." And Maimie, relieved by her aunt's tone, said "good-night" with her heart at rest.

Then Mrs. Murray went into the study, determined to find out what had passed between her husband and Ranald. She found him lying on his couch, luxuriating in the satisfaction of a good day's work behind him, and his first pipe nearly done. She at once ventured upon the thing that lay heavy upon her heart. She began by telling all she knew of the trouble from its beginning in the church, and then waited for her husband's story.

For some moments he lay silently smoking.

"Ah, well," he said at length, knocking out his pipe, "perhaps I was a little severe with the lad. He may not have been so much to blame."

"Oh, papa! What did you do?" said his wife, in an anxious voice.

"Well," said the minister, hesitating, "I found that the young rascal had struck Aleck McRae first, and a very bad blow it was. So I administered a pretty severe rebuke and sent him home."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried his wife in indignant tears. "It was far more the fault of Peter and Aleck and the rest. Poor Ranald!"

"Now, my dear," said the minister, "you need not fear for Ranald. I do not suppose he cares much. Besides, his face was not fit to be seen, so I sent him home. Well, it—"

"Yes," burst in his wife, "great, brutal fellow, to strike a boy like that!"

"Boy?" said her husband. "Well, he may be, but not many men would dare to face him." Then he added, "I wish I had known—I fear I spoke—perhaps the boy may feel unjustly treated. He is as proud as Lucifer."

"Oh, papa!" said his wife, "what did you say?"

"Nothing but what was true. I just told him that a boy who would break the Lord's Day by fighting, and in the very shadow of the Lord's house, when Christian people were worshipping God, was

acting like a savage, and was not fit for the company of decent folk."

To this his wife made no reply, but went out of the study, leaving the minister feeling very uncomfortable indeed. But by the end of the second pipe he began to feel that, after all, Ranald had got no more than was good for him and that he would be none the worse of it; in which comforting conviction he went to rest, and soon fell into the sleep which is supposed to be the right of the just.

Not so his wife. Wearied though she was with the long day, its excitements and its toils, sleep would not come. Anxious thoughts about the lad she had come to love as if he were her own son or brother kept crowding in upon her. The vision of his fierce, dark, stormy face held her eyes awake and at length drew her from her bed. She went into the study and fell upon her knees. The burden had grown too heavy for her to bear alone. She would share it with Him who knew what it meant to bear the sorrows and the sins of others.

As she rose, she heard Fido bark and whine in the yard below, and, going to the window, she saw a man standing at the back door, and Fido fawning upon him. Startled, she was about to waken her husband, when the man turned his face so that the moonlight fell upon it, and she saw it was Ranald. Hastily she threw on her dressing-gown, put on her warm bedroom slippers and cloak, ran down to the door, and in another moment was standing before him, holding him by the shoulders.

"Ranald!" she cried breathlessly, "what is it?"

"I am going away," he said, simply. "And I was just passing by—and—" he could not go on.

"Oh, Ranald!" she cried, "I am glad you came this way. Now tell me where you are going."

The boy looked at her as if she had started a new idea in his mind, and then said, "I do not know."

"And what are you going to do, Ranald?"

"Work. There is plenty to do. No fear of that."

"But your father, Ranald?"

The boy was silent for a little, and then said, "He will soon be well, and he will

not be needing me, and he said I could go." His voice broke with the remembrance of the parting with his father.

"And why are you going, Ranald?" she said, looking into his eyes.

Again the boy stood silent.

"Why do you go away from your home and your father, and—and—all of us who love you?"

"Indeed, there is no one," he replied, bitterly; "and I am not for decent people. I am not for decent people. I know that well enough. There is no one that will care much."

"No one, Ranald?" she asked, sadly. "I thought—" she paused, looking steadily into his face. Suddenly the boy turned to her, and, putting out both his hands, burst forth, his voice coming in dry sobs:

"Oh, yes, yes! I do believe you. I do believe you. And that is why I came this way. I wanted to see your door again before I went. Oh, I will never forget you! Never, never, and I am glad I am seeing you, for now you will know—how much—" The boy was unable to proceed. His sobs were shaking his whole frame, and to his shy Highland Scotch nature words of love and admiration were not easy. "You will not be sending me back home again?" he pleaded, anticipating her. "Indeed, I cannot stay in this place after to-day."

But the minister's wife kept her eyes steadily upon his face without a word, trying in vain to find her voice, and the right words to say. She had no need of words, for in her face, pale, wet with her flowing tears, and illumined with her gray-brown eyes, Ranald read her heart.

"Oh," he cried again, "you are wanting me to stay, and I will be ashamed before them all, and the minister too. I cannot stay. I cannot stay."

"And I cannot let you go, Ranald, my boy," she said, commanding her voice to speech. "I want you to be a brave man. I don't want you to be afraid of them."

"Afraid of them!" said the boy in scornful surprise. "Not if they were twice as more and twice as beeg."

Mrs. Murray saw her advantage, and followed it up.

"And the minister did not know the whole truth, Ranald, and he was sorry he spoke to you as he did."

"Did he say that?" said Ranald, in surprise. It was to him, as to any one in that community, a terrible thing to fall under the displeasure of the minister and to be disgraced in his eyes.

"Yes, indeed, Ranald, and he would be sorry if you should go away. I am sure he would blame himself."

This was quite a new idea to the boy. That the minister should think himself to be in the wrong was hardly credible.

"And how glad we would be," she continued, earnestly, "to see you prove yourself a man, before them all."

Ranald shook his head. "I would rather go away."

"Perhaps, but it's braver to stay, and to do your work like a man." And then, allowing him no time for words, she pictured to him the selfish, cowardly part the man plays who marches bravely enough in the front ranks until the battle begins,

but who shrinks back and seeks an easy place when the fight comes on, till his face fell before her in shame. And then she showed him what she would like him to do and what she would like him to be in patience and in courage, till he stood once more erect and steady.

"Now, Ranald," she said, noting the effect of her words upon him, "what is it to be?"

"I will go back," he said simply; and, turning, with a single word of farewell, he sprang over the fence and disappeared in the woods. The minister's wife stood looking the way he went long after he had passed out of sight, and then, lifting her eyes to the radiant sky with its shining lights, "He made the stars also," she whispered, and went up to her bed and laid her down and slept in peace. Her Sabbath day's work was done.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN¹

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter XII.—I Become an Author and Resume my Interrupted Career as a Lecturer

FOR more than a year I had knocked at the doors of the various magazine editors with my pictures, proposing to tell them how the other half lived, but no one wanted to know. One of the Harpers, indeed, took to the idea, but the editor to whom he sent me treated me very cavalierly. Hearing that I had taken the pictures myself, he proposed to buy them at regular photographer's rates and "find a man who could write" to tell the story. We did not part with mutual expressions of esteem. I gave up writing for a time then, and tried the church doors. That which was bottled up within me was, perhaps, getting a trifle too hot for pen and ink. In the church one might, at all events, tell the truth unhindered. So I thought; but there were cautious

souls there, too, who held the doors against Mulberry Street and the police reporter. It was fair, of course, that they should know who I was, but I thought it sufficient introduction that I was a deacon in my own church out on Long Island. They did not, it seemed. My stock of patience, never very large, was showing signs of giving out, and I retorted hotly that then, if they wanted to know, I was a reporter, and perhaps Mulberry Street had as much sanctity in it as a church that would not listen to its wrongs. They only shut the doors a little tighter at that. It did not mend matters that about that time I tried a little truth-telling in my own fold and came to grief. It did not prove to be any more popular on Long Island than in New York. I resigned the diaconate and was thinking of hiring a hall—a theater could be had on Sunday—wherein to preach my lay sermon, when I came across Dr. Schaufler, the manager of the City Mission Society, and Dr. Josiah Strong,

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the author of "Our Country." They happened to be together, and saw at once the bearing of my pictures. Remembering my early experience with the magic lantern, I had had slides made from my negatives, and on February 28, 1888, I told their story in the Broadway Tabernacle. Thereafter things mended somewhat. Plymouth Church and Dr. Parkhurst's opened their doors to me, and the others fell slowly into line.

I had my say and felt better. I found a note from Dr. Schauffler among my papers the other day that was written on the morning after that first speech. He was pleased with it and with the collection of \$143.50 for the mission cause. I remember it made me smile a little grimly. The fifty cents would have come handy for lunch that day. It just happened that I did not have any. It happened quite often. I was, as I said, ever a bad manager. I mention it here because of two letters that came while I have been writing this, and which I may as well answer now. One asks me to lift the mortgage from the writer's home. I get a good many of that kind. The writers seem to think I have much money and might want to help them. I should like nothing better. To go around, if one were rich, and pay off mortgages on little homes, so that the owners, when they had got the interest together by pinching and scraping, should find it all gone and paid up without knowing how, seems to me must be the very finest fun in all the world. But I shall never be able to do it, for I haven't any other money than what I earn with my pen and by lecturing, and never had. So their appeals only make me poorer by a two-cent stamp for an answer to tell them that, and make them no richer. The other letter asks why I and other young men who have had to battle with the world did not go to the Young Men's Christian Association or to the missionaries for help. I do not know about the others, but I did not want anybody to help me. There were plenty that were worse off and needed help more. The only time I tried was when Pater Breton, the good French priest in Buffalo, tried to get me across to France to fight for his country, and happily did not succeed. As to battling with the world, that is good for a young man, much better than to hang on to somebody for support.

A little starvation once in a while even is not out of the way. We eat too much, anyhow, and when you have fought your way through a tight place, you are the better for it. I am afraid that is not always the case when you have been shoved through.

And then again, as I have just told, when I did go to the ministers with a fair proposition, they did not exactly jump at it. No, it was better the way it was.

The thing I had sought vainly so long came in the end by another road than I planned. One of the editors of "Scribner's Magazine" saw my pictures and heard their story in his church, and came to talk the matter over with me. As a result of that talk I wrote an article that appeared in the Christmas "Scribner's," 1889, under the title "How the Other Half Lives," and made an instant impression. That was the beginning of better days.

Before I let the old depart I must set down an incident of my reporter's experience that crowds in with a good hearty laugh, though it was not the slum that sent me to the Church of the Holy Communion over on Sixth Avenue. And though the door was shut in my face, it was not by the rector, or with malice prepense. A despatch from the Tenderloin police station had it that the wife of the Rev. Dr. Henry Mottet was locked up there, out of her mind. We had no means of knowing that Dr. Mottet was at that time a confirmed bachelor. So I went over to condole with him, and incidentally to ask what was the matter with his wife, anyway. The servant who came to the door did not know whether the doctor was in; she would go and see. But even as she said it the wind blew the door shut behind her. It had a snap-lock.

"Oh!" she said, "I am shut out. If the doctor isn't in the house I can't get in."

We rang, but no one came. There was only one way: to try the windows. The poor girl could not be left in the street. So we went around the rectory and found one unlatched. She gave me a leg up, and I raised the sash and crawled in.

Half-way in the room, with one leg over the sill, I became dimly conscious of a shape there. Tall and expectant, it stood between the door-curtains.

"Well, sir! and who are you?" it spoke sternly.

I climbed over the sill and put the question myself: "And who are you, sir?"

"I am Dr. Mottet, and live in this house." He had been in after all and had come down to hear what the ringing was about. "And now may I ask, sir—?"

"Certainly, you may. I am a reporter from Police Headquarters, come up to tell you that your wife is locked up in the Thirtieth Street police station."

The doctor looked fixedly at me for a full minute. Then he slowly telescoped his tall frame into an armchair, and sank down, a look of comic despair settling upon his face.

"O Lord!" he sighed heavily. "A strange man climbs through my parlor window to tell me, a bachelor, that my wife is locked up in the police station. What will happen next?"

And then we laughed together and made friends. The woman was just an ordinary lunatic.

I was late home from the office one evening the week my Christmas article was printed. My wife was waiting for me at the door, looking down the street. I saw that she had something on her mind, but the children were all right, she said; nothing was amiss. Supper over, she drew a chair to the fire and brought out a letter.

"I read it," she nodded. It was our way. The commonest business letter is to me a human document when she has read it. Besides, she knows so much more than I. Her heart can find a way where my head bucks blindly against stone walls.

The letter was from Jeannette Gilder, of the "Critic," asking if I had thought of making my article into a book. If so, she knew a publisher. My chance had come. I was at last to have my say.

I should have thought I would have shouted and carried on. I didn't. We sat looking into the fire together, she and I. Neither of us spoke. Then we went up to the children. They slept sweetly in their cribs. I saw a tear in her eye as she bent over the baby's cradle, and caught her to me, questioning.

"Shall we lose you now?" she whispered, and hid her head on my shoulder. I do not know what jealous thought of authors being wedded to their work had come into her mind; or, rather, I do. I felt it, and in my heart, while I held her

close, I registered a vow which I have kept. It was the last tear she shed for me. Our daughter pouts at her father now and then; says I am "fierce." But she comes with her sewing to sit where I write, and when she comes the sun shines.

Necessarily, for a while, my new work held me very close. "How the Other Half Lives" was written at night while the house slept, for I had my office work to attend to in the day. Then it was my habit to light the lamps in all the rooms of the lower story and roam through them with my pipe, for I do most of my writing on my feet. I began the book with the new year. In November it was published, and on the day it came out I joined the staff of the "Evening Sun." I merely moved up one flight of stairs. Mulberry Street was not done with me yet, or I with it.

I had had a falling out with the manager of the Associated Press Bureau—the "Tribune" had retired from the copartnership some years before—and during one brief summer ran an opposition shop of my own. I sold police news to all the papers, and they fell away from the Bureau with such hearty unanimity that the manager came around and offered to farm out the department to me entirely if I would join forces. But independence was ever sweet to me, and in this instance it proved profitable even. I made at least three times as much money as before, but I did it at such cost of energy and effort that I soon found it could not last, even with the phenomenal streak of good luck I had struck. It seemed as if I had only to reach out to turn up news. I hear people saying once in a while that there is no such thing as luck. They are wrong. There is; I know it. It runs in streaks, like accidents and fires. The thing is to get in the way of it and keep there till it comes along, then hitch on and away you go. It is the old story of the early bird. I got up at five o'clock, three hours before any of my competitors, and sometimes they came down to the office to find my news hawked about the street in extras of their own papers.

One way or another, a fight there was always on hand. That seemed foreordained. If it was not "the opposition," it was the police. When Mulberry Street took a rest, the publisher's "reader" began

it, and the proof-reader. This last is an enemy of humankind, anyhow. Not only that he makes you say things you never dreamed of, but his being so cocksure that he knows better every time is a direct challenge to a fight. The "reader" is tarred with the same stick. He is the one who passes on the manuscript, and he has an ingrown hatred of opinion. If a man has that, he is his enemy before he ever sets eye on him. He passed on my manuscript with a blue pencil that laid whole pages, once a whole chapter, waste with a stroke. It was like sacking a conquered city. But he did not die in his sins. I joined battle at the first sight of that blue pencil. The publishers said their reader was a very capable man. So he was, and a fine fellow to boot; had forgotten more than I ever knew, except as to the other half, of which he did not know anything. I suggested to the firm that if they did not think so, they had better let him write a book to suit, or else print mine as I wrote it. It was fair, and they took my view of it. So did he. The blue pencil went out of commission.

How deadly tired I was in those days I do not think I myself knew until I went to Boston one evening to help discuss sweating at the Institute of Technology. I had an hour to spare, and went around into Beacon Street to call upon a friend. I walked mechanically up the stoop and rang the bell. My friend was not in, said the servant who came to the door. Who should she say called? I stood and looked at her like a fool; I had forgotten my name. I was not asleep; I was rummaging in an agony of dread and excitement through every corner and crevice of my brain for my own name, but I did not find it. As slowly as I could, to gain time, I reached for my card-case and fumbled for a card, hoping to remember. But no ray came. Until I actually read my name on my card it was as utterly gone as if I had never heard it. If the people of Boston got anything out of my speech that day, they did better than I. All the time I spoke something kept saying over within me: "You are a nice fellow to make a speech at the Institute of Technology; you don't even know your own name!"

After that I was haunted by a feeling that I would lose myself altogether, and got into the habit of leaving private direc-

tions in the office where I would probably be found, should question arise. It arose at last in a Brooklyn church where I was making a speech with my magic-lantern pictures. While I spoke a feeling kept growing upon me that I ought to be down in the audience looking at the pictures instead of sitting on the platform listening to the tiresome fellow who was speaking. It all seemed a long way off, somehow, and in no way related to me. Before I knew it or any one had time to notice, I had gone down and taken a front seat. I sat there for as much as five minutes perhaps, while the man with the lantern fidgeted and the audience wondered, I suppose, what was coming next. Then it was the pictures that did not change which fretted me; with a cold chill I knew I had been lost, and went back and finished the speech. No one was any the wiser, apparently. But I was glad when, the following week, I wrote the last page in my book. That night, my wife insists, I deliberately turned a somerset on the parlor carpet while the big children cheered and the baby looked on, wide-eyed, from her high chair.

I have never been able to satisfactorily explain the great run "How the Other Half Lives" had. It is a curiously popular book even to-day. Perhaps it was that I had had it in me so long that it burst out at last with a rush that caught on. The title had a deal to do with it. Mr. Howells asked me once where I got it. I did not get it. It came of itself. Like Topsy, it grew. It had run in my mind ever since I thought of the things I tried to describe. Then there was the piece of real good luck that Booth's "In Darkest England" was published just then. People naturally asked, "How about New York?" That winter Ward McAllister wrote his book about society as he had found it, and the circuit was made. Ministers preached about the contrast. "How the Other Half Lives" ran from edition to edition. There was speedily a demand for more "copy," and I wrote "The Children of the Poor," following the same track. Critics said there were more "bones" in it, but it was never popular like the "Other Half."

By "bones" I suppose they meant facts to tie to. They were scarce enough at that stage of the inquiry. I have in my desk a table giving the ages at which chil-

children get their teeth that bears witness to that. I had been struggling with the problem of child labor in some East Side factories, and was not making any headway. The children had certificates, one and all, declaring them to be "fourteen," and therefore fit to be employed. It was perfectly evident that they were not ten in scores of cases, but the employer shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the certificate. The father, usually a tailor, would not listen at all, but went right on ironing. There was no birth registry to fall back on; that end of it was neglected. There seemed to be no way of proving the fact, yet the fact was there and must be proven. My own children were teething at the time, and it gave me an idea. I had Dr. Tracy write out that table for me, showing at what age the dog-teeth should appear, when the molars, etc. Armed with that I went into the factories and pried open the little workers' mouths. The girls objected; their teeth were quite generally bad; but I saw enough to enable me to speak positively. Even allowing for the backwardness of the slum, it was clear that a child that had not yet grown its dog-teeth was not "fourteen," for they should have been cut at twelve at the latest. Three years later the Reinhardt Committee reported to the Legislature that the Factory Law was a mass of perjury and child labor, and day began to dawn for the little ones, too.

Rough ways and rough work? Yes, but you must use the tools that come to hand, and be glad for them, if you want to get things done. Bludgeons were needed just then, and, after all, you can get a good deal of fun out of one when it is needed. I know I did. By that time the whole battle with the slum had evolved itself out of the effort to clean one pigsty, and, as for my own share in it, to settle for one dead dog. It was raging all along the line with demands for tenement-house reform and the destruction of the old rookeries; for parks for the people who were penned up in the slum; for playgrounds for their children; for decent teaching and decent schools. There were too many dark spots in New York where we had neither. So dense was the ignorance of the ruling powers of the needs and real condition of the public schools, which, on parade days, they spoke of sententiously as the "corner-stone of our liberties," while the people

cheered the sentiment, that it was related how a Tammany Mayor had appointed to the office of school trustee in the Third Ward a man who had been dead a whole year, and how, when the world marveled, it had been laughed off at the City Hall with the comment that what did it matter; there were no schools in the Third Ward; it was the City Hall ward. I do not know how true it was, but there was no reason why it might not be. It was exactly on a par with the rest of it. I do not mean to say that there were no good schools in New York. There were some as good as anywhere; for there were high-souled teachers who redeemed even the slough we were in from utter despair. But they were there in spite of it and they were far from being the rule. Let us hope for the day when that shall have been reversed as a statement of fact. No one shall hail it more gladly than I. There is an easy way of putting it to the test; we did it once before. Broach a measure of school reform and see what the question is that will be asked by the teachers. If it is, "How is it going to benefit the children?" hoist the flag; the day of deliverance is at hand. In the battle I refer to that question was not asked once. The teachers stood shoulder to shoulder for *their* rights, let the children fare as they might.

However, that is an old grievance. We had it out over it once, and I have no mind to rip it up again unless it is needed. My own father was a teacher; perhaps that is one reason why I revere the calling so that I would keep its skirts clear of politics at any hazard. Another is that I most heartily subscribe to the statement that the public school is the corner-stone of our liberties, and to the sentiment that would keep the flag flying over it always. Only I want as much respect for the flag: a clean school under an unsoiled flag! So we shall pull through; not otherwise. The thing requires no argument.

My own effort in that fight was mainly for decent school-houses, for playgrounds, and for a truant school to keep the boys out of jail. If I was not competent to argue over the curriculum with a professor of pedagogy, I could tell, at least, if a school-room was so jammed that to let me pass into the next room the children in the front seat had to rise and stand; or if there was light enough for them to see

their slates or the blackboard. Nor did it take the wisdom of a Solomon to decide that a dark basement room, thirty by fifty feet, full of rats, was not a proper place for a thousand children to call their only "playground." Play, in the kindergarten scheme, is the "normal occupation of the child through which he first begins to perceive moral relations." Nice kind of morals burrowed there for him! There was, in the whole of Manhattan, but a single outdoor playground attached to a public school, and that was an old burial-ground in First Street that had been wrested from the dead with immense toil. When I had fed fat my grudge upon these things, I could still go where the public-school children came, and learn, by a little judicious pumping, how my friend the professor had stored their minds. That is, if they did not come to me. Many hundreds of them did, when under Roosevelt we needed two thousand new policemen, and it was from some of them we learned that among the thirteen States that formed the Union were "England, Ireland, Wales, Belfast, and Cork;" that Abraham Lincoln was "murdered by Ballington Booth;" and that the Fire Department was in charge of the city government when the Mayor was away. Don't I wish it were, and that they would turn the hose on a while! What a lot of trouble it would save us in November!

As for a truant school, the lack of one was the worst outrage of all, for it compelled the sending of boys, who had done no worse harm than to play hooky on a sunny spring day, to a jail with iron bars in the windows. For the boy who did this wicked thing—let me be plain about it and say that if he had not, if he had patiently preferred some of the schools I knew to a day of freedom out in the sunshine, I should have thought him a miserable little lunkhead quite beyond hope! As for those who locked him up, almost nothing I can think of would be bad enough for them. The whole effort of society should be, and is getting to be more and more, thank goodness and common sense, to keep the boy out of jail. To run to it with him the moment the sap begins to boil up in him and he does any one of the thousand things we have all done or wanted to do if we dared, why, it is sinful folly. I am not saying that there

are not boys who ought to be in jail, though to my mind it is the poorest use you can put them to; but to put truants there, to learn all the tricks the jail has to teach, with them in the frame of mind in which it receives them—for boys are not fools, whatever those who are set over them may be, and they know when they are ill-used—I know of nothing so wickedly wasteful. That was our way; is still, in fact, to a large extent, though the principle has been disavowed as both foul and foolish. But in those days the defenders of the system—heaven save the mark!—fought for it yet, and it was give and take right along, every day and all day.

How it came about that, almost before I knew it, my tongue was enlisted in the fight as well as my pen, I do not know myself. It could not be because I had a "silver tongue," for I read in the local newspaper one day when I had been lecturing in the western part of the State that "a voluble German with a voice like a squeaky cellar door" had been in town. It seems that I had fallen into another newspaper row, all unsuspecting, and was in the opposition editor's camp. But, truly, I lay no claim to eloquence. So it must have been the facts, again. There is nothing like them. Whatever it was, it made me smile sometimes in the middle of a speech to think of the prophecies when I was a schoolboy that "my tongue would be my undoing," for here it was helping right wrongs instead. In fact, that was what it had tried to do in the old days when the teachers were tyrannical. It entered the lists here when Will Craig, a clerk in the Health Department, with whom I had struck up a friendship, helped me turn my photographs into magic-lantern slides by paying the bills, and grew from that, until now my winters are spent on the lecture platform altogether. I always liked the work. It tires less than the office routine, and you feel the touch with your fellows more than when you sit and write your message. Also, if you wish to learn about a thing, the best way is always to go and try to teach some one else that thing. I never make a speech on a subject I am familiar with but that I come away knowing more about it than I did at the start, though no one else may have said a word.

Then there is the chairman. You never can tell what sort of surprise is in store for

you. In a Massachusetts town last winter I was hailed on the stage by one of this tribe, a gaunt, funereal sort of chap, who wanted to know what he should say about me.

"Oh," said I, in a spirit of levity, "say anything you like. Say I am the most distinguished citizen in the country. They generally do."

Whereupon my funereal friend marched upon the stage and calmly announced to the audience that he did not know this man Riis, whom he was charged with introducing, never heard of him.

"He tells me," he went on with never a wink, "that he is the most distinguished citizen in the country. You can judge for yourselves when you have heard him."

I thought at first it was some bad kind of joke; but no! He was not that kind of man. I do not suppose he had smiled since he was born. Maybe he was an undertaker. Assuredly, he ought to be. But he had bowels after all. Instead of going off the stage and leaving me blue with rage, he stayed to exhort the audience in a fifteen minutes' speech to vote right, or something of that sort. The single remark, when at last he turned his back, that it was a relief to have him "extinguished," made us men and brothers, that audience and me. I think of him with almost as much pleasure as I do of that city editor chap out in Illinois who came blowing upon the platform at the last minute and handed me a typewritten speech with the question if that would do. I read it over. It began with the statement that it was the general impression that all newspaper men were liars, and went on by easy stages to point out that there were exceptions, myself for instance. The rest was a lot of praise to which I had no claim. I said so, and that I wished he would leave it out.

"Oh, well," he said with a happy smile, "don't you see it gives you your cue? Then you can turn around and say that anyway I am a liar."

With tongue or pen, the argument shaped itself finally into the fundamental one for the rescue of the home imperiled by the slum. There all roads met. Good citizenship hung upon that issue. Say what you will, a man cannot live like a pig and vote like a man. The dullest of us saw it. The tenement had given to New York the name of "the homeless city." But with that gone which made life worth living,

what were liberty worth? With no home to cherish, how long before love of country would be an empty sound? Life, liberty, pursuit of happiness? Wind! says the slum, and the slum is right if we let it be. We cannot get rid of the tenements that shelter two million souls in New York to-day, but we can set about making them at least as nearly fit to harbor human souls as might be. That will take a long time yet. But a beginning was made. With reform looming upon the heels of the Lexow disclosures came the Gilder Tenement-House Committee in the summer of 1894.

Greater work was never done for New York than by that faithful body of men. The measure of it is not to be found in what was actually accomplished, though the volume of that was great, but in what it made possible. Upon the foundations they laid down we may build for all time and be the better for it. Light and air acquired a legal claim, and where the sun shines into the slum the slum is doomed. The worst tenements were destroyed; parks were opened, schools built, playgrounds made. The children's rights were won back for them. The slum denied them even the chance to live, for it was shown that the worst rear tenements murdered the babies at the rate of one in five. The Committee made it clear that the legislation that was needed was "the kind that would root out every old ramshackle, disease-breeding tenement in the city." That was the way to begin it. As to the rest of them it laid the foundation deeper yet, for it made us see that life in them "conduces to the corruption of the young." That told it all. It meant that a mortgage was put on the civic life of the morrow, which was not to be borne. We were forewarned.

The corruption of the young! We move with rapid strides in our time. That which was a threat, scoffed at by many, has become a present and dreadful peril in half a dozen brief years. We took a short cut to make it that when we tried to drain the pool of police blackmail of which the Lexow disclosures had shown us the hideous depths. We drained it into the tenements, and for the police infamy got a real-estate blackmail that is worse. The chairman of the Committee of Fifteen tells us that of more than a hundred tenements, full of growing children, which his committee has canvassed, not one had escaped the

contamination' that piles up the landlord's profits. Twelve dollars for an honest flat, thirty for the other kind and no questions asked! I find in my scrap-book this warning, sounded by me in the Christmas holidays, 1893, when the country was ringing with Dr. Parkhurst's name:

"I would not, whatever else might happen, by any hasty or ill-advised system of wholesale raids crowd these women into the tenements and flats of our city. That is what will surely happen, is happening now. It is a danger infinitely greater than any flowing from their presence where they are, and as they are. Each center of moral contagion by this scattering process becomes ten or twenty, planted where they will do the most possible harm. Think of the children brought in daily, hourly contact with this vice! Think of the thousands of young women looking vainly for work this hard winter! Be there ever so little money for woman's honest work, there is always enough to buy her virtue. Have tenement-houses moral resources that can be trusted to keep her safe from this temptation?

"This is a wicked villainy that must not be permitted, come whatever else may. We hear of danger to 'our young men' from present conditions. What sort of young men must they be who would risk the sacrifice of their poorer sisters for their own 'safety'? And it is being risked wherever houses of this kind are being shut up and the women turned into the streets, there to shift for themselves. The jail does not keep them. Christian fami-

lies will not receive them. They cannot be killed. No door opens to them; yet they have to go somewhere. And they go where they think they can hide from the police and still ply the trade that gives them the only living society is willing they shall have, though it says it is not."

And they did go there. Dr. Parkhurst was not to blame. He was fighting Tammany that dealt the cards and took all the tricks, and for that fight New York owes him a debt it hardly yet knows of. Besides, though those raids hastened the process, it was already well under way. The police extortion of itself would have finished it in time. A blackmailer in the long run always kills the goose that lays his golden egg. His greed gets the better of his sense. The interview I quoted was not a plea for legalizing wrong. That will get us no further. It was rather a summons to our people to cease skulking behind lying phrases and look the matter squarely in the face. With a tenement-house law, passed this winter, which sends the woman to jail and fines the landlord and his house a thousand dollars, we shall be in the way shortly of doing so. Meanwhile we shall be getting up courage to talk plainly about it, which is half the battle. Think of the shock it would have given our grandmothers to hear of a meeting of women in a public hall "to protest against protected vice." On a Sunday, too. Come to think of it, I do not know but that wholesome, plain speech on this subject is nearer the whole than half the battle. I rather guess it is.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

To-Morrow

By Carrie B. Chandler

To-morrow! 'Tis the blessed vision-day
Of each unresting and immortal soul.
Then doth the vanquished think to win the goal.
Then hopes the blind for a deliv'ring ray,
And patiently the prisoner waits reprieve.
To-day we think the good that we would do
To-morrow, and deceive ourselves anew
With radiant dreams of what we will achieve
When a new dawn redeems us from our past
And makes fulfillment easy. But too late
The spent soul wakens, and we cry at last:
"To-morrow comes not. Even while we wait
The moments that are ours speed quickly by.
We live to-day; alas! to-day we die."

The Evolution of Bible Study

By Henry Drummond

Author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," "The Ascent of Man," etc.

[The address, part of which follows, was delivered by Professor Drummond at Chautauqua, August 22, 1887. It has never before been published, whether because it was thought too radical in its treatment of the subject, or because no official report was taken, I do not know. I was at the time just two years out of the General Theological Seminary, and my interest in the subject was keen. For me Henry Drummond taught as one having authority. I followed him wherever he appeared at Chautauqua that year, and usually took shorthand notes for my own use. In this way I took in full the address on Genesis and Science. Readers of The Outlook can imagine how helpful this address was to a perplexed Bible student fourteen years ago. They will recognize in it also the high literary quality of Drummond's style, and his wonderful mastery of the subject in all its bearings. Mr. Edwin S. Gorham, successor to James Pott & Co., will before long publish the whole address in book form.—ANDREW FLEMING.]

WE cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that far more people are reading science just now than religion. I do not speak of America or England and Europe, but of the world—of India and Japan and the colonies, where science is being studied on every hand. We are constantly confronted with the difficulty. Young men get a few scientific ideas, and immediately attack the Book of Genesis. One of the most distinguished scientific men in England, not very long ago, when he was asked why he did not throw his immense weight on the side of religion, said: "You hand me your religious book, I open it, and the very first page I read contradicts all my other knowledge. What am I to do?" There is no greater fallacy than the position assumed by that teacher; nor is there any worse example of ignorance on the part of a scientific man. I wish very briefly to try to put before you the situation as it at present stands. It is not only of interest in the connection in which I have spoken, but it is a beautiful example of the progress of thought in one of the higher departments of knowledge.

This question has gone through three distinct stages. Until a very short time ago there was only one opinion about the beginning of the world. It was held by the Church, it was held by science, that the world was made in six literal days. Even in our childhood most of us can remember that was the belief of all our teachers, and of our parents, and became our own first belief. It was a very beautiful belief, that old belief, but it has been disturbed. We might have wished that it

had not been disturbed, but we cannot help that. We are always being disturbed in our positions as knowledge advances, and that is one of the great symptoms of the progress of truth. That is what university and other lecture courses are for. We attend them to be disturbed, not merely to be confirmed in the ideas we have held all our lives, but—if we are growing—to get new light upon the old truth, and to have a new proportion and emphasis given to what truth cannot be altered.

The first stage, then, in the history of this subject, is that in which the cosmogony of the world has been determined by the first chapter of Genesis, and which teaches that the world was made in six literal days. So Genesis was supposed to teach. Theological teaching and sermons were based on this belief. Scientific investigations were made and books of science were written with this as an unquestioned postulate. And literature, we know, from the primer up to the epic poem, has taken it for granted.

Then geologists were hammering at the rocks all over the world, and this question came before them. They came to the conclusion that it was impossible that God had made the world in six literal days, or that the world is only six or eight thousand years old. Christian geologists did not dispute that God could make the world, or anything, in any time or in any way; but they could not help disputing the process by which God had made the world as opposed to the process of creation by fiat, which was supposed to have been the method of Scripture. As

they examined the rocks more and more, they were more and more confirmed in their belief that there was something wrong about the account of creation in Genesis, or about the account they were discovering in science. They referred the chronology of the rocks to Christian theologians, and these men attempted to reconcile the first page of Genesis with that chronological scheme.

This marks the second period, the period of the reconcilers. Some of the ablest men on both sides of the Atlantic worked very hard at that question. They studied geology with minute and reverent care. They studied the Hebrew Bible, and tried to find out whether "day" was not susceptible of a larger meaning. They very soon came to the conclusion and adopted the view that "day" in the Mosaic cosmogony might represent a very long time, and that after the "beginning" when God created the heavens and the earth, there might have elapsed a time for which we have no date. They worked at the order recorded in Genesis, and tried to harmonize that with the order of geology.

Some of them worked at that with apparently very great success. Among these reconcilers we find such names as Pye Smith, Dr. Chalmers, whose sermons based on studies in astronomy are well known; Gaussen, Guyot, of Princeton, and Sir William Dawson, of Montreal. This older generation all attempted to do that thing—to reconcile the two tables, the chronology of science and the order of Genesis.

But as science came to be more and more studied, not so much geology this time as biology and embryology and paleontology, it soon became evident that the position of the reconcilers was becoming more and more precarious as the result of these studies became known.

Scientific men made out a new table of the forms and order of life, and they said: "Now look at Genesis again, and look at our table." As men with candid minds looked at these two tables they were bound to admit that there were discrepancies between them. That was a period of alarm. A number of men who had been working at the reconciliation of Genesis and science were forced to reconsider their position. But they faced the situation manfully, while

they said, "We do not see any way out of this along the line upon which we are working at present, but help will come from some other source." And help did come, and from a quite unexpected source.

Meanwhile, in England and in America and Germany a new science was springing up, a theological science, the science of Biblical Criticism. It is comparatively new even yet. Many of its results are uncertain, but some definite results have been established.

The method is this:

It takes up this book, the Bible, as Professor Dowden takes up Shakespeare, and says: "We will apply the ordinary methods of criticism to this book. We will find out what plays are historical, what plays are tragical, and what are romantic. We will apply all methods of literary criticism to these plays." By applying this method to the Bible they have given us what I might almost call a new Bible.

They ask themselves with reference to the Bible such questions as these:

"Here is the Book of Job. What does it mean? Is it a fact, an attempt to communicate a literal history? Is it a drama, a poem? What is it?" These are perfectly fair questions. They are literary questions, and you cannot forbid literary men to ask such questions; questions of subject and treatment; questions of style, of conception, as well as questions of authorship.

And when in their literary researches they came to the Book of Genesis, they said: "What kind of book is this? There is some history here, there is some fact here, there is some philosophy here, and there is apparently some poetry here."

When they came to the first chapter of Genesis, they said: "We have always regarded this chapter as being science; but now, as literary men, reading it over again with all our literary aids, we are inclined rather to believe that it is another form of literary composition." Some say it is one form of composition, some say it is another; but they are all unanimous in declaring that it is not science.

As a mere literary question, the first chapter of Genesis is not science. If you ask Bunyan what the first chapter of Genesis is, he will say it is science. If you ask a scientific man contemporary

with Bunyan what it is, he will say it is science. If you ask the modern literary critic what it is, he will say that it is not science. If you ask Mr. Huxley what it is, he will agree with the modern literary critic that it is not science.

This is the new field that has been opened, and it is the result of that literary criticism that has come to the help of the man who found himself in the dilemma of having to choose between the record of the rocks and the record of the Mosaic cosmogony.

It is now no longer necessary for him to reconcile the science of Genesis with the science of geology or paleontology, because, as a matter of fact, according to the most modern ideas Genesis is not science at all.

That is the third stage into which this question has come. Very many people have not noticed that change. They have not observed the rise of this new science. This new science stands upon as firm a basis as the science of theology itself, or as the science of geology.

Some of the most reverent, most devout, as well as the most capable men on both sides of the Atlantic are working at this science. Men of all shades of thought have reached this conclusion—that the first chapter of Genesis does not contain and does not profess to be a scientific account of the creation.

How easily that gets us out of the difficulty! When that scientific man to whom I referred first says, "The Book of Genesis contradicts my science," I say, "How is that? It does not profess to be science." The clearest way out of the difficulty is to fall back upon the position that that is not a scientific account of the creation.

It is a principle of interpretation well known to all theologians that the Bible never reveals anything which man could find out for himself. Man could find out the way in which the world was made. There is no question about the fact that God made it. The only question is as to the process. Was it spoken into space in a moment, and organized in six days; or was it made by a gradual series of operations in the hands of secondary causes? That is the only question.

The Bible never reveals anything that man could find out for himself. Apply

this principle to any department, and you will find that it holds true. If the Bible had meant to tell us things which man can find out for himself, it would have told us a great many things beside the geology of the beginning. A man falls down with a fever upon the banks of the Congo, and there is growing just at his feet a medicinal plant which rightly used would save him. He has a Bible in his pocket. Why does the Bible not come to the rescue, and point out to him that that medicinal plant contains a certain chemical substance which will act upon his system and drive away the fever? The first thing the Bible would have taught us, if it had meant to teach science, would have been medicine. The Bible would have told us how to make surgical instruments. We have had to find out all that for ourselves. It is much more important that we should know how to save life than that we should know geology. The last thing the Bible would teach us would be geology, if it meant to teach science.

What we have, then, in the beginning of Genesis, is not an account of how the world was made, but a revelation of the much more important truth that God made it. No science could ever find that out.

The Bible is a religious book, not a scientific book, and it tries to teach in these opening words that "in God we live and move and have our being." It gives us an inventory of the things God made. It leaves men to find out the way in which he made them, and the order and the time.

We have also to remember that this account of the creation was spoken to the childhood of the world; that if it had been put in geological form it would have been unintelligible to these early children. The Bible always speaks according to the knowledge and standpoint of its hearers. Thousands of years ago, when these words were written, the people were very uneducated and very simple, and had very few scientific ideas. Therefore these words were spoken to them in the form in which they could understand the spirit of them, regardless of the letter.

Let me give you an illustration which will help us to understand this method of communicating truth. There is a very

exquisite little poem by George Macdonald called "The Baby:"

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"
 "Out of the everywhere into the here."
 "Where did you get those eyes so blue?"
 "Out of the sky as I came through."
 "Where did you get that pearly ear?"
 "God spake, and it came out to hear."
 "How did they all just come to be you?"
 "God thought about me and so I grew."

Now imagine the servant-girl in the nursery, who had gone through a Sunday-school reading course, putting away that book because it would give the child a false account of the origin of blue eyes!

Imagine a mother attempting to teach her child about the Creator. What the mother wants to tell the child is that God made it. So she dresses up the story in the most exquisite and memorable form,

in order that it may sink into the child's thought and become a part of its life.

Likewise, in the childhood of the world God chooses this exquisite poem, to convey to these early children of the world the truth that in the beginning God made it, God made everything, that "in him we live and move and have our being."

It seems to me that this is the only tenable position that thinking men can cling to at this time of day. We have still a few reconcilers left, but I do not think there will ever be any serious attempt to reconcile a genealogical table with a thing which is not a genealogical table.

It is a great gain if we can take up that position. It clears away a great many difficulties, and it plunges us in none that are new.

Mr. Hare's Autobiography¹

THE first two volumes of Mr. Hare's autobiography were published five years ago, and now appear another two, bound like the others in that familiar and well-liked binding of the "Walks in Rome," "Days Near Rome," and all Mr. Hare's other books. The autobiography is naturally livelier than any in the long list of the Hare books descriptive of places, because in these four volumes persons are described.

Hardly any book of reminiscences, save Mr. Russell's "Collections and Recollections," contains so many interesting stories. Some of them have seen the light before, it is true, but, as George Eliot once said, "a good sermon ought to be preached half a dozen times to the same congregation." So we feel about many of these anecdotes; they ought to be told at least half a dozen times, perhaps not so much because they illustrate and illuminate particular characters as because, for American readers at least, they illustrate and illuminate English contemporary life.

Nor are the stories all about persons who have passed away; some of them are about those still living—the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, for instance. Lord Houghton was once talking to Mr. Hare about her and said, "Miss Coutts likes me be-

cause I never proposed to her. Almost all the young men of good family, those who did their duty by their family, always did. Mrs. Brown, Miss Coutts's companion, used to see it coming, and took herself out of the way for ten minutes. She only went into the next room and left the door open. Immediately it was done, Miss Coutts coughed and Mrs. Brown came in again."

Mr. Hare bids us accompany him on his travels and on many of his visits, and wherever he goes he enjoys as far as possible the absolute rather than the relative; he sees everywhere color, health, movement, enjoyment, charm, but he also dips beneath the surface and sees soul. At Lord Bute's he chanced to find an elderly lady to whom he paid his respects—and one of Mr. Hare's good qualities is his reverence for elderly women. He says: "There were but few people I knew there, and the grass was very wet, so I sat under the veranda with some friends. Presently an old lady was led out, very old, and evidently unable to walk, but with a dear, beautiful face, dressed in widow's weeds. She seemed to know no one; so gradually—I do not know how it came about—I gave her a rose, and sat down at her feet on the mat, and she talked of many beautiful things. She was evidently sitting in the most peaceful waiting upon the threshold

¹ *The Story of My Life. An Autobiography.* By A. J. C. Hare. Illustrated with 145 woodcuts and 18 photogravures. 4 vols. \$15. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

of the heavenly kingdom. When I was going away she said, 'I should like to know to whom I have been talking.' I said, 'My name is Augustus Hare.' She said, 'I divined that when you gave me the flower.' I have not a notion who she was."

About another flower Mr. Hare repeats the story told to a friend of his by one who knew Leigh Hunt: "He is the only person, I believe," said this gentleman, "who, if he saw something yellow in the distance, and was told it was a buttercup, would be disappointed if he found it only a guinea."

It may be surmised that Mr. Hare's personality is somewhat obscured by the great number of these anecdotes, and this surmise, is largely correct as to the first three volumes. In the last volume, however, and especially in the last chapter, the autobiographer's personality comes before us more appealingly than if we had been told more of it in the preceding pages. "When I look at the date of births and deaths in the family Bible," says he, "I see that I have already exceeded the age which has been allotted to the Hares. Can it be that I still feel so young when the evening of life is closing in?" Of how many men could it be said that they arrive at threescore and ten and "still feel so young"? How many could truthfully add, as Mr. Hare adds, "Perhaps long years may be before me; I hope so. But the reason should be the same, for men can do no better than to live in eternity's sunrise." We venture to think that it is this *memento mori* which has kept Mr. Hare young. The thought of death is not necessarily depressing; it is stimulating and energizing to do all possible, and to do it as well as possible, for to-day may be the last opportunity of life in this present world. Surely the cares and sorrows and worries which come to the ordinary man—not his work, his career—are apt to crush the buoyancy out of him long before he reaches Mr. Hare's age, unless he lives each day as if it were his last. And this is the beautiful thing about duty: that its very sternness and necessity make life bearable where otherwise it might be unbearable—and not only bearable, but make even a lightsome and buoyant thing of what otherwise might be only dreary and burdensome.

The most serious drawback to these volumes proceeds from a certain lack of proportion in Mr. Hare's kindness towards all men. Like Schiller, he seems to have the constant wish "to take the whole world in my arms and kiss it." To some self-contained reader who never by any possibility would wear his heart upon his sleeve, Mr. Hare's constant reference to "his most sweet wife" or to "my sweetest nurse" seems like gush, and, indeed, to any reader, there is a lack of discrimination in Mr. Hare's terms of appreciation and endearment. For instance, on page 34 of one of the volumes we read that "Lady Westminster is the most charming of old ladies." How about Lady Ossington? On page 31 of the same volume we had already read that she was "the most charming of old ladies."

Much of Mr. Hare's life has been spent among people of title and exalted social distinction, but his head seems not a bit turned by any attention which he may have received from royal or other quarters. He understands the real things of life, and how real happiness is obtained. After a visit to Welbeck he says: "All is vast, splendid, and utterly comfortless; one can imagine no more awful and ghastly fate than waking up one day and finding one's self the Duke of Portland and master of Welbeck."

Finally, these volumes are valuable for their religious import. Once Mr. Hare was visiting the Countess von Usedom, who told him about how troubled she had been concerning the Trinity, and how she had spoken to the great Tholuck about it. Tholuck replied that in being so she confounded religion with theology; that the doctrine of the Trinity was a purely theological question, and not in the least necessary to religion. Such an attitude has distinguished a corresponding school in England, to which belong the members of the Hare family who have written on religious themes. Thus really religious has been the influence of Augustus William Hare's "Alton Sermons," of that exquisite volume the "Memorials of a Quiet Life," of the "Guesses at Truth," and of all the other writing of Julius Hare. A religion divorced from theological difficulties is a distinguishing feature of these volumes, just as it distinguishes the books

written by those friends of the Hares, Charles Kingsley, Frederick Maurice, Arthur Stanley. It is this element in English religion which represents not only the reality of religion everywhere but the reality of life everywhere. He who starts out with the right and sound ideals gained from these pages will be likely to live a life not only useful to his fellow-men, but also giving to himself highest happiness and a divine peace at the end.

We have hinted that some readers may find Mr. Hare's personality somewhat obscured in the first part of this autobiography, but it may be that other readers will look at the whole work from quite another standpoint, and feel that the volumes have in them too much of the ego. Every autobiography must be made up of the ego primarily, but if one have the grace to live such a life as Mr. Hare's, egoism is never out of place.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

J. Devlin—Boss: A Romance of American Politics. By Francis Churchill Williams. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 520 pages. \$1.50.

A decidedly interesting book. The story is not only written with unusual cleverness, but written by a man who has met bosses, and understands the personal power they get through their good qualities, and not through those so constantly held up to light in newspaper editorials. Indeed, he errs, as a storyteller, rather on the side of exaggerating the social finish which political leaders of vulgar antecedents and associates acquire. However, the characters have reality, and even those incidents which have not have usually the merit of freshness and wit.

Land of the Amazons (The). By Baron de Santa-Anna Nery. Translated from the French by George Humphrey, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 405 pages. \$4.

The title of this portly volume has a romantic sound, but the author's style is matter-of-fact to excess. As an accurate presentation of data—geographical, commercial, historical, agricultural, and ethnological—about a region not too well known, the work is deserving of high praise. The author is a correspondent of scientific bodies in London, Portugal, and Brazil, and has evidently had ample opportunities for long and close study. Amazonia is nearly one-third as large as all Europe and six times as large as France, and its possibilities of development are so great as to make its future of immense importance in the history of the American continent. As a storehouse of information this work has long been in its French form the best available authority.

Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century. By George Paston. With Portraits. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 384 pages. \$3.

Lady Hertford, Richard Cumberland, Lady Craven, James Lackington, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and John Tweddell—these are the subjects of these discursively entertaining papers. Mr. Paston himself characterizes them as "two *grandes dames* of the second

George's court, a poet playwright who dabbled in diplomacy, an aristocratic *déclassée* who died in the odor of royalty, an ex-shoemaker turned bookseller, a Highland lady with literary proclivities, and a distinguished scholar who was chiefly remarkable for his misfortunes." In the eighteenth-century world of intrigue, society gossip, and political scheming all these people played interesting parts, and the retelling of their mildly exciting life-stories brings back with a pleasing flavor the days of Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield.

Mission Problems and Mission Methods in South China. By J. Campbell Gibson, M.A., D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 332 pages. \$1.50.

A specially interesting feature of these lectures is the insight they give into the methods of missionary work in its successive stages, beginning with the first efforts of the evangelist to win a hearing, and thenceforward to the culture of Christian life among the converts of whom a church has been constituted. Dr. Gibson, of the Swatow mission, has given these lectures in whole or in part at Scotch, English, and Canadian colleges. They convey much valuable information about China, as well as a luminous view of the missionary work, its difficulties and failures, its successes and advancing growth.

On the Threshold. By Mary A. Hartshorn. The Abbey Press, New York. 3¼×6¼ in. 33 pages. 25c.

Provençal Lyric (The). By Lewis F. Mott, Ph.D. William R. Jenkins, New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 57 pages. 75c.

A careful piece of literary exposition, having for its subject the lyric outburst which lasted about a century and a half in Provence, and furnished finely worked models for later lyric poets. Apt renderings of many passages into English form double the interest of the study.

'Sconset Cottage Life: A Summer on Nantucket Island. By A. Judd Northrup. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, New York. 5×7 in. 160 pages. \$1.

This tells the actual experiences of one family

of summer visitors to Nantucket, and pleasantly sets forth the joys of cottage and sea-shore life in a place not spoiled for average people by the incursion of immoderate wealth.

Surrey. By Walter Jerrold. Illustrated. (Dent's County Guides. Edited by George A. B. Dewar.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 316 pages. \$1.50.

One can hardly see rural England at better advantage than by riding, cycling, or walking through the Surrey country, close to London as it is. It abounds in placid villages, fine places, hills with distant view, and quaint, bucolic people. This little volume will be invaluable to a traveler. It is charmingly printed and illustrated.

Typical New Testament Conversions. By Frederick A. Noble, D.D., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 326 pages. \$1.

The sixteen discourses collected in this volume are intended to exhibit the various experiences through which, in the early days of Christianity, men were brought into discipleship to Christ. With one exception—Timothy—it is a record of adult conversions, the sort that Christianity had at first to make. While the line of effort and expectation is now directed, as it should be, rather to youth-

ful conversions, the adult type, particularly in revival periods, will long persist. For the correction of prejudices and errors it is well that the true Biblical lines of personal approach to Christ should be as clearly and attractively drawn as in Dr. Noble's expository discourses.

World and Its People (The): Book X. The South American Republics. By W. Fisher Markwick, D.D., and William A. Smith, M.A. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 348 pages. 60c.

A useful little book summarizing the development of republican institutions among the mixed races of South America. Next to an examination of the problem as to how much the success of American democracy has influenced political development in Europe, there is nothing more satisfactory to our best National pride than the extent to which our example has aided the recognition of the peoples of Spanish America in throwing off the foreign yoke and establishing more or less securely education-loving, slavery-hating popular governments. Their declarations of independence were modeled after our own, and the influence of Washington was one of the strongest factors in shaping the career of their liberator, Bolivar.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. Are there any passages in the Bible which authorize us to ask of God anything save spiritual gifts? Should we, for example, during the present drought pray for rain? Has not God some reason for sending the drought, and will not he, when he sees fit, send the rain? It seems to me that such petitions imply a lack of faith in God's wisdom. 2. Where do we find authority for praying to Jesus? He tells us, in the model prayer, to pray to "Our Father;" he does not say, "Pray to me."

EARNEST.

1. There is clearly Scripture precedent in favor of praying for special gifts, such as rain, for example, and the Lord's Prayer teaches us explicitly to pray for our daily bread. We do not think that prayer should be limited to the spiritual realm alone, though all prayer should be with the recognition that the Father knows what is best for us. 2. Prayer to Jesus Christ might be justified by such texts as "He that honoreth me honoreth the Father also." In general, however, we think that prayer to Jesus Christ is really prayer to God as manifested in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is the answer of God to the almost universal desire for some visible manifestation of the Eternal and the Infinite.

Please tell me how books were published in the first century; and were the books of the New Testament published in the ordinary way?

W. H.

Book-shops existed at Rome in the first century before Christ, and at Athens probably four centuries earlier. Atticus, the friend of Cicero, sold books, and kept a large number of slaves employed as copyists in their production. Books thus manufactured were not very dear. The first book of the poet Martial sold for about seventy-five cents, the present equivalent of which would be about \$3. As the Christian community increased, a demand for copies of the sacred writings would naturally grow, and

publishers for Christian readers would be found, no less than for heathen, but information about this is lacking.

1. What is the best modern liberal interpretation of the Book of Job? 2. What do you think of the book called "Bible for Beginners"? 3. Please name good book on the formation of the Canon (liberal). How is Westcott on that subject?

1. Without undertaking to say that it is the best, one may strongly commend Professor Genung's work, "An Epic of the Inner Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). 2. It is one of the most advanced constructions of the Higher Criticism, and one with which we often have to disagree, either suspending judgment or dissenting. 3. Westcott is judiciously conservative, scholarly, and good. Muzzey's "Rise of the New Testament" (Macmillan Co., New York) is written with a freer hand and in more vivid style, less cautious, but scholarly.

Will you kindly tell me in what part of Genesis the fact "that the world is only six or eight thousand years old" is taught?

S. T. B.

Nowhere in Genesis is it said that the world is only six or eight thousand years old; but if the story of creation in Genesis is taken literally, and the course of events subsequently traced in Biblical history is supposed to be chronologically accurate, there is no room for the hypothesis that the world is more than eight thousand years old, at the utmost.

Could you inform me where I can secure a chronological arrangement of the Scriptures in the order of their production as arranged by the critics? I have found fragmentary arrangements, but nothing that tells which is the oldest and which is the youngest document.

S. C. P.

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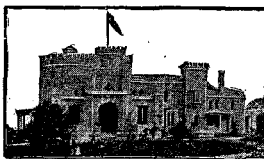
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